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AMERICAN STUDENT-LIFE:

OR SOME MEMORIES OF YALE.

THROUGH many an hour of summer suns,
By many pleasant ways,
Like HEZEKIAH'S, backward runs
The shadow of my days:
I kiss the lips I once have kissed,
The gas-light wavers dimmer;
And softly through a vision's mist,
My college friendships glimmer. — TENNYSON.

It is now, I dare not say how many years, since the night chum and I, emerging from Number Twenty-four, South College, descended the well-worn staircase and strolled out for the last time beneath the heavy shadows that hung darkly from the old elms of our Alma Mater. Commencement with its dazzling excitement — its piled galleries of fair faces to smile and approve, its gathered wisdom to listen and adjudge — was no longer the goal of our student hopes: and the realization that our joyous college days were over, pressed hard upon us as we paced slowly along, listening to the low night-wind among the summer leaves overhead, or looking up at the darkened windows whence the laugh and song of class-mates had so oft resounded to 'vex with mirth the drowsy ear of night,' and tutors.

I thought then, as I have often thought since, that our student-life must be 'the golden prime' compared with which the future would be brass and iron. Here Youth, with its keenness of enjoyment and generous heartiness, shares the expansion and elevation of mind, given by liberal studies and the sympathy of many kindred spirits, as it could never hope to do again. A glorious realm of golden dreams, of pleasant labor and enthusiastic fun, is student-life, as many a one has felt as, standing at the door of Alma Mater, he looked over the sunny meadows of her domain upon the dark encircling woodlands and rugged hills of the world. I trow the warm Italian's heart throbbed as he turned to take a last look upon disappearing Bologna, and remembered its noisy

days and fair *Novella de Andrea*,* first of curtain-lecturers. I warrant there were very pensive ancient leave-takings under the walls of the old Sorbonne, and phelgmatic Dutch sorrowing along the streets of Amsterdam. Howitt has told us of the smoking and beer-drinking conviviality of the Burschen, and Bristed's 'Five Years in an English University,' of the physical indulgence and intellectual jockeyism of Cambridge. 'The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green, an Oxford Freshman,' have given as good an idea as is desirable of the 'rowing men' in that very antediluvian stronghold of elegant scholarship; and *Blackwood* has told us somewhat of the scarlet-gowned 'Student-Life in Scotland,' 'Life in a Canadian College;' and 'Fireside Travels' have told of things nearer home, through the pages of *Putnam*. But I shall come nearer home; and while these relate the fun and joyfulness of old countries and olden time, be it mine to recall sweet memories of Mother Yale.

The days are gone that I dreamed away beneath the green arcades of the fair Elm City. But still come the budding spring and the blooming summer to embower those quiet old streets and fill the morning hour with birds' sweet singing. Still comes the gorgeous autumn — the dead summer laid in state — and the cloud-robed winter to round the circling year. Still streams the golden sun-light through the green canopies of tented elms, and still, I ween, do pretty school-girls loiter there along in flirting fascination, through the dreamy holiday afternoons, beneath their shade. Still do our memories haunt those old walks we loved so well; the avenue, shaded and silent, like grove of Academe, fit dwelling of colloquial man of science and genial metaphysician; the old Cemetery with its brown ivy-mantled wall, its dark massive evergreens, and moss-grown grave-stones, that before years had effaced their inscriptions, told the brief story of early settlers; elm-arched Temple-street, where the mid-night moon shone so softly through the dark masses of foliage, and slept so sweetly on the sloping green. Still do those old wharves and ware-houses, ancient haunts of colonial commerce and scenes of continental struggle, rest there in their quietude, hearing but murmurs of the noisy merchant-world without; and the fair bay lies silent among those green hills that slope southward to the Sound. Methinks I hear the ripple of its moon-lit waves, as in summer night it upbore our gallant boat and its fair freight, the far-off music stealing over the bright waters, the distant rattling of some paid-out cable as a newly-arrived ship anchored down the bay, or the lonely baying of a watch-dog at some farm-house on the height. I see the sail-boats bending under their canvas and dashing the salt foam from their bows as they rush through the smooth water, and the lateen-sailed oyster-boats cleaving the clear brine, bound for Fair-Haven of many shell-fish; while sturdy little sloops and schooners, suggestive of lobster or pine-apple trade, bow their big heads meekly, and sway themselves at rest. I see again those long lines of green-wooded slope here, crowned by a lonely farm-house, musing solitary on the hills as it looks off on the blue Sound: there ending abruptly in a weather-worn cliff

* In the fourteenth century *NOVELLA DE ANDREA*, daughter of the celebrated canonist, frequently occupied her father's chair; and her beauty was so striking, that a curtain was drawn before her, in order not to distract the attention of the students.

of splintered trap, or anon bringing down some arable acres to the very beach, where a gray old cottage, kept in countenance by two or three rugged poplars,

‘In der blauen Fluth sie beschauten.’

Nor can I soon forget those wild hill-sides, so glorious when the summer tides of foliage came pouring down their sides, or when Autumn, favorite child of the year, donned his coat of many colors and went abroad. Then on holiday afternoon, free from student care, we climbed East or West Rock, and looked abroad on distant city spires, or rock-ribbed hill-side and sail-dotted sea; or threaded the devious path to the Judges’ Cave, where tradition said that in colony times Goffe and Whalley lay hidden, and read on the lonely rock that in the winter wilderness over-hung their bleak hiding-place, in an old inscription, carved not without pain, in quaint letters of other years, the stirring and stern old watchword:

Resistance to Tyrants is Obedience to God!

Or going farther, we climbed Mount Carmel, and looked from its steep cliff down into the rock-strewn, solitary valley,

‘Where storm and lightning from that huge gray wall
Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
Dashed them in fragments.’

Now we wended our way to the lone hill-side of Cheshire, where the Running Brook, pouring down the steep ravine, flashed its clear waters into whitest foam, a liquid veil thrown over the unsightly rocks; or perchance in cumbrous boat we floated upon Lake Saltonstall, hermit of ponds, set like a liquid crystal among the hills. But to return.

In the midst of this fair city, and surrounded by these pleasant haunts, lies a sloping green, girt and bisected by rows of huge elms, and adorned with three churches, whose spires glisten above the tall trees, and with a stuccoed State-house, more beautiful in the design than in the execution. On the high ground looking down across the green, stretched out in a long line of eight hundred feet, the buildings of the College lie quietly in dense shade, ugly barracks of red brick; and without a line of beautifying architecture, they yet have an ancient air of repose, buried there in the deep shade, that pleases even the fastidious eye. In the rear an old Laboratory, diverted from its original gastronomic purpose of Hall by the progress of the age, a Cabinet similarly metamorphosed and containing magnificent specimens, such as only our New World can show, a gallery of paintings of college, colonial, and revolutionary worthies, (a collection of rare historical interest,) a library gothic and brown, with slender towers crowned with grinning heads—pointed out to incipient Freshmen as busts of the College Faculty—and a castellated gothic structure where the ancient literary societies hold their weekly meetings and the alumni their annual gatherings, make up the incongruous whole of the American University.

Such is the place where, about the middle of September, if you have been sojourning through the very quiet vacation in one of the almost

deserted hotels of New-Haven, you will begin to be conscious of an awakening from the six weeks' torpor, (the *long* vacation of hurried Americans who must study forty weeks in the year,) along the extended row of brick you will begin to discern aproned 'sweeps' clearing the month-and-a-half's accumulated rubbish from the walks, beating carpets on the grass-plots, re-lining with new fire-bricks the sheet-iron cylinder stoves, or furbishing old furniture, purchased at incredibly low prices of 'the last class,' to make good as new for the Freshmen, periphrastically known as 'the young gentlemen who have lately entered college.' It may be too, that your practised eye sees one of these timorous youths who, coming from a thousand miles in the interior, from the prairies of the West or the bayous of the South, has arrived before his time, and now, blushing unseen, is reconnoitering the intellectual fortress which he hopes soon to storm with 'small Latin and less Greek.' A few days more, and hackmen drive down Chapel-street hopefully, and return well laden with numerous carpet-bags and students, staring Freshmen, bad-hatted Sophomores, gentlemanly Juniors, and sage-looking Seniors. Hearty greetings, great purchase of text-books and shifting of quarters follow, new choice of rooms being given annually. In which chaotic state of things, the various employees of college, including the colored Aquarius, facetiously denominated Professor Pailey, stimulated by numerous quarters, greatly multiply and intensify their efforts.

But the chief interest of the opening year is clustered around the class about to unite its destinies with the college world. A new century of students from all parts of the land :

'The igneous men of Georgia,
The ligneous men of Maine,'

the rough, energetic Westerner, the refined, lethargic Metropolitan, with here and there a missionary's son from the Golden Horn, or the isles of the Pacific, yea, even a Chinese, long-cued and metaphysical, are to be divided between the two literary societies. These ancient fraternities, 'Linonia,' founded in 1753, and the 'Brothers in Unity,' founded in 1768, having, during the summer term, elected with due excitement their representatives and leaders for the coming 'campaign,' and having held numerous 'indignation meetings,' where abuse of the rival fraternity, and inquiries into the number to be sent down by the various academies, were earnestly prosecuted to the great neglect of debates and essays, now join issue with an adroitness on the part of their respective members, which bespeaks some knowledge of human nature, and gives great promise for political life. Committees at the Station-House await the arrival of every train, accost each individual of proper age and ver-dancy, and having ascertained that he is not a city-clerk, nor a graduate relapsed into his ante-academic state, offer their services as amateur porters, runners, guides, or tutors, according to the wants of the Freshman. Having ingratiated themselves, various are the ways of procedure. Should the new-comer prove confiding, he is told that 'There is one vacancy left in our society, and if you wish, I will try and get it for you,' which, after a short absence, presumed to be employed in strenuous effort, the amiable advocate succeeds in doing, to the great gratitude of his Freshman friend. Should he prove less tractable, and express a

desire to hear both sides, then some comrade is introduced as belonging to the rival society, and sorely worsted in a discussion of its merits. Or, if religious, the same supposititious member of the other society shall visit him on the Sabbath, and electioneer him with great use of profane language. By such and more honorable means the destiny of each is soon fixed, and only a few stragglers await, unprejudiced, the so-called 'statement of facts.' This is held one week from the beginning of the term, in 'Brewster's Hall. Stout 'force committees' guard the doors, and preadmit Freshmen. Chosen orators on either side laud themselves and ridicule their opponents amid much cheering and interruption, until the unhappy Freshmen can make no head nor tail of the matter, and in chaotic state of mind, fall an easy prey to the first comer, and are initiated that very evening, with lusty cheers and noisy songs, protracted far into the night.

Not less notable are the secret societies, two or three of which exist in every class, and are handed down yearly to the care of successors. With more quiet but busy effort, each selects and 'pledges' the best men it can lay hands upon, who, with phosphorous, coffins, and dead men's bones, are awfully admitted to the mysteries of Greek initials. The purpose of these societies is claimed to be the cultivation of social feeling and more familiar intellectual intercourse. As select and united brethren, they form, moreover, *imperia in imperio* in the large societies much used by ambitious college politicians. Some of them have chapters at a dozen or more colleges, and hold annual conventions, attended by numerous delegates from the different colleges, and by graduate members. Without the political significance of the German University societies, they are remembered with warm attachment, as pleasant and profitable places of under-graduate reunion.

Close after society movements comes the foot-ball game between the Freshman and Sophomore classes. After challenge from the former, some autumn afternoon you may see the rival classes of one hundred each or thereabouts, drawn up on the green in battle-array, and old clothes undesirable to wandering Jews. The steps of the State-House are crowded with the 'upper classes,' and the balconies and windows of over-looking houses contain numerous ladies. The umpires clear the grounds. A dead silence succeeds, as some notable Freshman *warns* the ball. Then a rush and a shock of collision. 'Two hundred,' as the venerable Professor S ——— remarked, 'are too many after one ball.' Few know where it is : no one sees it. One party gets possession and endeavors to force it through. Now there is fierce issue : neither party gives an inch. Now there is a side-movement and a revolution of the orb as to relieve the pressure. Now one side gives a little, then desperately closes in again on the encouraged enemy. Now a dozen are down in a heap, and there is a momentary lull : then at it again ! Here a shirt is torn off : there a fiery spirit grows pugnacious and must be restrained by his class-mates. There are, in short, to use the language of a college bard : 'Breaches of peace, and pieces of breeches,' until the ball is carried over by main force, or gets without the crowd, and is rapidly carried over by observant light-infantry, while the heavy troops are still making fierce battle in the centre. Mighty, then, is the cheer-

ing of the victors, and defiant the groans of the defeated. Thus for three games, or until the evening chapel-bell calls to prayers, nice points of the game being interspersedly discussed with great fierceness. Paens of victory are written and sung by torch-light on the State-House steps, and bouquets displayed, which are supposed to have been sent by the fair ones of the balconies.

Next in college-annals comes the 'Burial of Euclid.' The incipient Sophomores, assisted by the other classes, perform duly the funeral rites of their mathematical enemy of Freshman-year by nocturnal services at the 'Temple.' Wherefore, some dark Wednesday evening of the late October, masked and fancifully-dressed students may be seen gathering into rendezvous. An Indian chief, of gay leggins and solemn demeanor, goes down arm-in-arm with the Prince of Darkness, and uncle Toby communes sociably with a nondescript in turned coat and bad hat. Here are a reinforcement of 'Labs,' (students of chemistry,) noisy with numerous fish-horns, and there a detachment of 'Medics,' appropriately labelled, and armed with thigh-bones. Then, when gathered within the 'Temple of Satan,' a crowded mass of big-nosed masks, shocking bad hats, and ancient attire, look down from the steep slope of seats upon the stage where lies the effigy of Father Euclid in inflammable state : after a voluntary by the band facetiously denominated the 'Blow-Hards,' 'Horn Blenders,' etc, there is a mighty singing of a Latin song written with more reference to the occasion than to quantities, of which an opening verse may serve as a specimen :

'FUNDITE NUNC lacrymas,
Plorate Yalenses
EUCLID rapuerunt fata
Membra et ejus inhumata
Languimus tres menses.'

The wild, grotesque hilarity of these mid-night songs, when once experienced can never be forgotten. Oration, poem, and funeral oration, follow, interspersed with songs and music by the band ; 'Old Grimes is Dead,' 'Music from the Spheres,' and other solemn and choice master-pieces. Then are torches lighted, and, two-by-two, the long train of torch-bearers defiles through the silent mid-night streets to the swell of solemn music, and passing by the dark cemetery of the real dead, bear through 'Tutor's Lane' the coffin of Father Euclid. They climb the hill and commit it to the flames, invoking Pluto in Latin prayer, and chanting a final dirge : while the flare of torches, the wild grotesqueness of each uncouthly-disguised wight, and the back-ground of gold, star-lit sky, and dark, encircling forest, makes the wild merriment seem almost solemn.

I mention only the burlesque debate of Thanksgiving-Eve, when the smallest Freshman presides in each society : the 'noctes cœnæque deūm' of the secret societies : the varied excitements of appointments, prize essays and scholarships : the Yale Literary Magazine, now a venerable student periodical of twenty years' standing ; and the Exhibition of the Wooden Spoon, at which the 'low-appointment men' (whose motto is 'super sinistram lugemus') burlesque the staid performances of college exhibitions, and present the lowest man on the appointment-list

an immense wooden spoon, carved of rosewood, with the motto 'dum vivimus vivamus.'

The winter months, more spent in study, show less of the hilarity of student-life. But the time is needed, as the discipline of Alma Mater is not indulgent. There are three recitations daily, three examinations yearly, one at the end of each term, and two biennial examinations (written) one in the middle, and the other at the end of the four-years' course. At each of all these, the student is 'marked' according to his performance, and the average determines his standing at commencement. This demands hard work, work that gives zest to fun.

But the summer days come again, and the dozen club-boats, and their crews in showy uniform,

‘Κοῦροι ἀναρρίπτειν ἄλα πηδῶ’

push out from Ryker's : some bound upward, past the oyster-beds of Fair-Haven, away up among the salt-marsh meadows, where the Quinnipiac wanders under quaint old bridges among fair green hills : some for the 'Light : ' shooting out into the broad waters of the open bay, their feathered oars flashing in the sun-light : some for 'Savin's Rock,' where, up among the cool cedars that over-shadow the grass-grown rock, they sing uproarious songs, until the dreamy beauty of the scene, the rippling ocean, the distant white-sailed ships, and green, quiet shores, shall steal in upon their noisy mirth, and heart-felt silence succeed. And now, as in the twilight they float homeward, you may hear the song again :

‘MANY the mile we row, boys,
Merry, merry the song :
The joys of long-ago, boys,
Shall be remembered long.
Then, as we rest upon the oar,
We raise the cheerful strain,
Which we have often sung before,
And gladly sing again.’

But perhaps the most interesting of college life is 'Presentation Day,' when the Senior class, having passed the various ordeals of written examinations, are presented to the President as worthy of their degrees. This ceremony is succeeded by a farewell oration, and poem by two of the class, chosen by their class-mates for the purpose, after which they partake of a collation with the College Faculty, and then gather under the elms in front of the colleges. They seat themselves on a ring of benches, inside of which are placed huge tubs of lemonade, long clay-pipes, and great store of mildest Turkish tobacco. Here, led on by an amateur and most miscellaneous band of musicians, through the long afternoon of 'the leafy month of June,' with other classes thronging around in cordial sympathy, they smoke manfully, harangue enthusiastically, laugh uproariously, and sing lustily, commencing always with the glorious German student-song of Gaudeamus :

I.

‘GAUDEAMUS igitur
Juvenes dum sumus !
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.

II.

'Ubi sunt qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

III.

'Vita nostra brevis est
Brevi finietur
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

IV.

'Vivat academia,
Vivant professores
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quaelibet,
Semper sint in flore.

V.

'Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ;
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ, amabiles,
Bonæ, laboriosæ.

VI.

'Vivat et respublica
Et qui illam regit;
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mecenantum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

VII.

'Pereat tristitia.
Pereant osiores;
Pereat diabolus
Quivis antiburschius
Atque irrisores.'

Then, as the shadows grow long, they sing again those heart-felt words which one returning to the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his Alma Mater, wrote in all the glow of manly enthusiasm :

'Count not the tears of the long-gone years,
With their moments of pain and sorrow,
But laugh in the light of their memories bright,
And treasure them all for the morrow.
Then roll the song in waves along,
While the hours are bright before us;
And grand and hale are the towers of Yale,
Like guardians towering o'er us.

'Clasp ye the hand 'neath the arches grand
That with garlands span our greeting,
With a silent prayer that an hour as fair
May smile on each after meeting:
And long may the song, the joyous song,
Roll on in the hours before us;
And grand and hale may the elms of Yale
For many a year bend o'er us.'

Then, standing in closer circle, they pass around to give each a farewell grasp of the hand, and amid that extravagant merriment, the lips begin to quiver and eyes grow dim. Then two-by-two, preceded by the miscellaneous band, (headed by a huge base-viol, borne by two stout fellows, and played by a third,) they pass through each hall of the long line of buildings, giving farewell cheers : and hard by one of the towers each throws his handful of earth on the roots of an ivy, which, climbing about those brown masses of stone through years to come, he trusts will be typical of their mutual remembrance as he breathes the silent prayer :

'LORD, KEEP OUR MEMORIES GREEN.'

So ends the last of those extravagant, it may be, yet hearty and healthful relaxations, with which the student of our ancient university solaces himself after his hard mental labor. It is the remembrance, perhaps, of these joyful days which brings back the sons of Yale in such crowds to her annual gatherings. Graduates of three, ten, twenty, fifty years' standing, the strong young men, the gray-haired fathers, all hasten to re-visit well-loved scenes, and to clasp again the class-mate's hand.

'THEY come ere life departs,
Ere wingéd Death appears.'

'D Y I N G B Y I N C H E S.'

'Dying by inches : ' is there much of sorrow
In thinking of a death that comes so slow ?
Let us from this some consolation borrow,
Some precious comfort will the thought bestow.

For if we die more suddenly, thus leaving
Without a farewell word for those loved best,
Will they not have more reason for their grieving ?
Will not a deeper sorrow fill the breast ?

When death comes on with slow and stealing paces,
With ease we will unclasp the chains of earth ;
Taking a last look at familiar faces,
With a still higher sense of their dear worth.

For who would sink upon life's stormy billow,
And in a moment lose this fleeting breath ?
Is it not better e'en on weary pillow,
Calmly to wait the slow approach of death ?

We'll not regret the hours of pain and anguish,
When we have finished here our toilsome race :
What signifies it, if on earth we languish,
If we in Heaven may hope to find a place ?

Then, if it be God's will that we should tarry,
In pain and sorrow waiting, it is best
That we should still life's weary burden carry :
When we lie down more sweet will be the rest.

S. M.

THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

THE last attack upon the liberties of Christendom by pressure from without, was made in the year 1683, by a Turkish army of a hundred thousand men, commanded by the Grand Vizier SOLYMAN. They laid siege to Vienna for over five months, but when the city was almost reduced by famine and loss of men, they were utterly routed by an army under JOHN SOBIESKI, King of Poland; who sent the sacred banner blessed by MOHAMMED, which had floated triumphantly over a hundred battle-fields, to the Pope of Rome with this laconic epistle: 'I came, I saw, and God has conquered.'

I.

THE armies of the Saracen encamp Vienna round,
Thrice thirty thousand valiant men the leaguered town surround;
The Prophet's banners wave on high, far stretching many a rood:
A crescent on a crimson sky, the type of war and blood.

II.

Thus SOLYMAN, their leader, swore: 'By ALLAH's holy name,
Unless yon town my wrath deplore and own MOHAMMED's fame,
And open every gate full wide before the morrow's sun,
That all the faithful may with pride enjoy what they have won;

III.

'Her threatening walls shall be o'erturned, her battlements o'erthrown,
Her palaces and churches burned, and crumbled stone by stone;
And all her citizens shall bleed, not one shall quarter find;
Their corpses shall the raven feed, examples to mankind.

IV.

'For now the time hath come, that those who doubt the Prophet's power
Should see him trample on his foes and crush them in an hour;
Through me he speaks, my voice obey, on me his mantle fell,
By force convert, or failing, slay the haughty infidel.

V.

Deep sullen murmurs of applause ran through the Moslem host,
For they indeed had ample cause to make such seeming boast;
Each warrior was well supplied and fit for deeds of war,
And not a man but there had died to spread MOHAMMED's law.

VI.

The Austrian capital had few compared with these I ween,
But they were men well-tryed and true, who many a fray had seen;
Their wives, their children, all they love, are gathered in the walls:
What soldier could a recreant prove when God and Nature calls?

VII.

Not in a single Christian's breast did enter doubt or fear,
But each his sword more firmly pressed when SOLYMAN drew near;
And though his force by far excelled those to Vienna drawn,
His summons they at once repelled with loathing and with scorn.

VIII.

Thus doth Vienna make reply to SOLYMAN's proud speech:
'All those who live some day must die, death every man shall reach;
What profit would it be to live if honor should be lost?
So we through GOD this answer give unto thy haughty boast.

IX.

Through GOD we will our walls defend and keep thy arms at bay,
And CHRIST to us HIS aid will lend and HE shall be our stay;
Before the armies of the Cross the Crescent soon shall wane:
If thou art spared, then mourn thy loss, nor menace us again.'

X.

Full fiercely burned the Paynim's rage, and he cursed the SAVIOUR then,
And vowed henceforth fell war to wage against all Christian men:
'I shall purge the earth by ALLAH's aid, of the Christian name abhorred,
Till every land shall own dismayed, the Prophet of the LORD.'

XI.

For five long months his cannon hurled their showers of iron hail,
The sacred banner was unfurled — how could the Moslem fail?
And oft he made some fierce attack, and strove the walls to win;
As often he was driven back by the brave hearts within.

XII.

Grim Famine now began to tell upon those warriors good,
And oft the weary sentinel would faint for want of food:
But still none thought of capture, none feared to look on death,
For JESUS they with rapture would gladly yield their breath.

XIII.

But Christendom at length awoke, and started from her trance,
And Poland rose to break the yoke, and Germany, and France:
And many a gallant Islander enlists in the crusade;
On SOBIESKI all concur, and he their chief is made.

XIV.

With joy Vienna sees their ranks descending on the plain,
Her citizens to GOD give thanks, forgetting all their pain:
Then marshals all her men in haste, for vengeance strength inspires;
Revenge they seek for homes laid waste, for slaughtered sons and sires.

XV.

Soon SOBIESKI gives the word, the troops in battle join,
And still his lion voice is heard above that glittering line:
'Ye fight for GOD, for HIM alone ye aim each deadly blow;
The holy angels round His throne, fight with you 'gainst the foe.'

XVI.

'Down with the Paynim to the ground, down with the Prophet's race;
But even here let CHRIST be found, let mercy have a place.'
With Moslem slain the earth is piled, their corpses block the way;
Before the Christian onset wild, they fade like dew away.

XVII.

At length they yield, they fly, the sacred banner falls,
And shouts of joyous victory ring from Vienna's walls;
Then on the bloody field of war, thus SOBIESKI cries:
'I came; the Moslem foe I saw; but GOD hath won the prize.'

A N E V E N I N G B Y T H E F I R E .

‘Do you know Souvestre?’

The lamp was just lighted, they had drawn up around the fire, the grate was well filled, and every thing seemed propitious for one of those pleasant, rambling talks, those light, kind touches upon weighty topics which had made the old sitting-room glow warmer and brighter in the bright, warm sun-light, or fire-light of many a summer and winter.

It was Paul that spoke, a kind-eyed old man, a face where childhood’s smile played on age’s wrinkles; with all the life of sixty-five bright years, not one drop lost, still swimming in his eyes and bathing the rich smile of his old lips with a charm more beautiful than beauty. The brothers whom life and labor had given him sat by his side, two old men, warm and kind like him, like him in all the true, ripe manliness of manhood, in spite of wide differences of memories, sentiments, and hopes. To them Paul spoke:

‘Do you know Souvestre? Have you ever read, in his pure, child-like French, his pretty story of the two simple old dames, good Madeline and Francoise, whom the Garret Philosopher, that spectator in tatters, meets on his trip to the Fête at Sevres? Do you remember their childish wonder at the sights they see; how they make the royal manufactories their own, and are Pompadours and Barrys for the time; how they pick up a bit of a broken cup in the back-yard and carry it home to boast that they share in the furniture of kings; how they luxuriate in their frugal dinner on the grass; how they meet the poor beggar-woman, poorer even than themselves, and finish the day in charity, and then go home, weary and foot-sore, but happy and blessed, to begin their old life again, to work, and dream, and remember as before, and date their future life from that happy day at Sevres?’

‘A pretty little story, to be sure,’ said Ralph, somewhat roughly, for he was always a little ashamed of his own kind nature; ‘a pretty story truly, but pray what more? Will Madeline and Francoise help the world along? Is it garret philosophers, talking wild sentiment, who are to work out life’s great problem?’

‘Nay, nay, good Ralph,’ Paul answered, mildly, for he knew him well. ‘Say what you think; own the brave beauty of such lives as theirs. They felt like queens, but you feel, I know, that they were more than queens, true women, high, pure, holy lives, whose warm, sweet breath comes fanning the world’s cold snow plains into singing brooks of happy summer, as a touch of May wakes up the earth after a winter like this. Do drop your talk of the world’s great problem. No man is to do its work. Each has his little figure to add, subtract, or carry, and O God knows we need all His great help to do that little well!’

There was silence for a time. They knew it was no boy who spoke, but a man who had lived and endeavored, who had tried the great problem in its strength and found it too hard for him, who had matched his powers against life and come off weary and jaded with the wrestling. They revered his memories, and so there was silence for a time. Then Ralph began again:

'You say each mortal has his little part to do in solving the great problem. What share do you give, Paul, to Madeline and Francoise?'

'What share, my friend!' cried the other, rousing from his reverie. 'The best, the holiest of shares, a faithful, hopeful, charitable life, shaping the little world of their being into a perfect sphere in the constant effort of cheerful duty, drawing faith from the past and hope from the future to mingle in one all-pervading, ever-present charity. Oh! how we need a plan of weights and measures wholly new, to weigh and gauge such sacred things as lives like these! I did not think it of you, Ralph, to ask that question. There are blind men enough. Why blind clear eyes like yours? What use a quiet, steadfast life, brave in its labor and devotion! What use is any beauty? You remember what the German we were reading yesterday so sweetly says — that he knows but two beauties in the universe, the starry heavens over our heads, and the sentiment of duty in our hearts. Think of those beauties. The holy rest of star-light and the holier majesty of a devoted life. You know we have talked of this before. You know I would deary too much study of the past, too much dreaming of the future, and give my life, where God has given it, to our blessed present, which it seems to me is made for lives like these.'

'I know it, Paul,' said Ralph, 'I have told you many a time that you do not look enough beyond your year. True enough, my good old friend, before another half-score of years, you and I, it is likely, will be gone; we're almost home already. Paul and Ralph will die, but humanity will live — lives *now* in hope. I would have you look to the future and catch what of its light you may to cheer the rough, unbroken roads that we walk together now. And Philip here,' he added, 'the kindest worshipper of the past, who loves one of those fossils of the middle ages like a brother, who holds that parchments are all-sacred things, who keeps the birth-days and the death-days of old knights and saints, I would teach him, too, to look the future in the face, would sweep the old dingy smoke of ages from his eyes and tell him to look onward and believe and hope with me.'

'Paul, strike that dead block of coal that lies at your end of the grate,' said Philip, with a quiet smile. Paul took the tongs and did as he was told. 'See there, dear Ralph,' said Philip, 'how the white smoke streams out at first and now look how the clear, warm flame is following from the self-same crack. Will you sweep away that smoke? Why, man, it must bring on the fire as the night brings on the day. I do love those old men and things of five centuries ago, and it angers me to see the young world turning Hindoo in good earnest, and taking his old father to the Ganges bank, and stuffing his poor old mouth with pious sand, and begging him to die. Let him take care. There may some day be younger men than we, and they may play the heathen offspring to their fathers too. It may be so. The laureate may be right. We may be 'ancients of the earth and in the morning of the times,' and so when it gets to be the noon, then *ours* will be the middle ages and *we* shall be forgotten or despised, and *our* lives will be blackened, and perchance our laureate himself will then be sneered and called no poet, and sent back to dwell with Lydgate, and Gower, and Skelton, and the

rest — nay, nay' he pursued, in a lighter tone, seeing Ralph about to speak, 'I know your reasonings of old, and what I think them worth. Slow-pacing generations truly were those good old times, but then I do not think the worse of them for that. They shut up learning in cloisters, but then cloisters were excellent places to keep it in. They lost much literature that was of value, but then they cleared the world of much rubbish that was of no use at all; to make room perhaps,' he added, smiling, 'for more rubbish that is worth still less. They were, perhaps, somewhat slow; they set no rivers on fire, but then it was, perhaps, as comfortable both for themselves and for the rivers that they should flow on in peace and water, and not be Phlegethons. We have all been sick. Disease in some kind or other is the lot of almost every life, and if they preferred a slow and leisurely death by a patient and lingering consumption to the worrying, hurrying, vexing fever with which some of their children are consumed, why it was for themselves to choose. At least it is not respectable or dutiful for the son to be thus always finding fault with his poor old palsied father. Through God, our time owes its being to the times of those men. It owes them, beside what little it has of calm and quiet rest. The deep, still study of the thirteenth century comes down to purify and calm the stirring bustle of the nineteenth, like a great iceberg which breaks away from its own northern home of eternal coldness and stillness, and floats down into warmer regions, cooling and refreshing the hot air and water all around it. I love that blessed calm, and that is why, dear brothers, I love those good old times.'

'And I love you the better, Philip, for that love,' said Ralph, with warmth. 'I have seen many men and many times, but I never yet met a man with a warm love burning in his heart, whatever might be its object, who was not lovable himself. Not that I think you right. I grant they were our fathers, but must we worship those old men for that? Is ancient wrong the god of modern right? Because old Ahaz sends his children through the fire, and offers incense on the hills and plunders God's house to buy a heathen's aid, must Hezekiah, when he comes to reign, chain his young soul to precedent and do that which is evil in the sight of the LORD as his fathers had done? If it be so decreed that Error in the round of time still fathers Truth, must Truth come and stain and tear her white robe and look up in her parent's face, and say: I yield! Here am I, father, do with me as seemeth thee good! No! we are moving on. We, old dim-eyed, snow-headed men are too apt to forget that around us there is a world of young men and women, restless, hopeful, trustful, full of faith in the future and of manliness in the present, dowered, like the poet's poet, with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love. The world is theirs now. As for us, brothers — why, it was *ours* once. *We* led then, for all our fathers said, and they followed in our train. So we must follow our children. Let us take our old staffs and gird up our idle garments and do the best we can to keep pace with their young steps; at least, let us keep them in sight, hopefully, reverently, watching their progress as we may, till we are called to share God's blessed rest, which is endless progress for evermore.'

‘And so forget the past,’ said Philip sadly. ‘Just because that fire goes out to-night and another is kindled in the morning, shall we forget that it has warmed us to-day? Shall your fathers be tombless, that your children may have cradles? While religion is sanctifying, and art ennobling, and power dazzling to us three here to-night, as much as to any three men God ever made, are we and the world to forget the good, and gifted, and powerful of old, while each year brings in with its first morning the birth-day of Zuingli, and Murillo, and Medici, and bears out on its last breath the life of good old Wickliffe, the Paul of the fourteenth-century Gentiles?’

‘What strange times the world has seen,’ said Ralph musingly. ‘It sounds like a very common-place remark. Children say such things, and I have little doubt, that it, or something very like it, found its way into my school-boy themes some half-a-century ago. But it is not till very lately that I seem to have fully felt its force. I think it is one of the dim windows by which we poor mortals may look upon the immense perfection, the self-completeness of God’s nature, this endless variety and strangeness which are reflected from it in man’s life. How the great world *has* ‘spun forever down the ringing grooves of change.’ How the grand old patriarchs walked that early earth like timid children half afraid of life, steadying the world’s first steps with the filial hand still clinging to their father God’s! How time made that child’s heart stronger, but colder in its strength. What a gloss and glow there must have been on that new earth of Enoch, and Lamech, and Seth. Just think how they must have talked. The very words they used were twice as original and twice as grand as now. Fresh ideas and fresh expressions must have poured fast from the lips of those fresh men. At the present day, for instance, it shows no very overwhelming amount of originality to talk of the SILVER moon, to compare bright eyes to *diamonds*, blushing cheeks to *roses*, or white teeth to *pearls*; but there was a time when these expressions and thousands like them, which are now the most trite of common places, were, with the ideas which they suggest, new and real. Ideas were waiting to be discovered, arts to be invented, sciences to be started, languages to be arranged. There was work enough to do close at hand, and so in simply and naturally doing this work, the man of those first times developed himself naturally and simply.’

‘Give me your hand, Ralph,’ said Philip, ‘and I will claim you for a brother, and you shall be sworn into our fraternity of the worshippers of the past.’

‘Nay, nay, too fast,’ answered Ralph. ‘Those old idols of yours are very different things. The fresh air of morning grows hot and close. The world of your love is a great sick-room where the giant lies and tosses in his fever, and talks sick nonsense and dreams sickly dreams. If *you* did not love it, Philip, I should say no honest, sensible man, with a fair share of head and heart, *could* love the spirit of those times. It was empty, frivolous and weak, and so unworthy of man and of God’s world in which he lives. What times they were! God be merciful unto us, that the world may never see such again! False faith, false

sentiment, and false pride, did their best to turn the poor world's head. Men talked without any of those motives of wisdom, love, or goodness, which alone can sanctify the human speech. They talked for talking's sake, and what a curse that is! Observation was nothing; talk, argument, debate was every thing. The whole world was like children in the old child's game we used to play, forever opening its mouth and shutting its eyes, and then waiting for something to make it wise.'

'You are not altogether wrong,' said Paul most cautiously.

'I sometimes think,' continued Ralph, 'what would have been the result if a little of our better spirit could have found its way into that strange, bad world. Suppose, for instance, a little of our literature transplanted. Fancy Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall' cast like a Crimean shell into some rough old English baron's household. Imagine his chaplain or his clerk reading out the strange, wild rhyme to the unlettered lord. How it would have puzzled him. How he would have pished and pshawed a little while to know what the man could mean by all this talk about 'the heir of all the ages,' 'the parliament of man,' and the 'one increasing purpose' that runs through all the ages; and then drained his deep flagon and called for his hounds and gone his way to the hunt, your model, gentle Philip. Imagine some maiden of five centuries ago stumbling upon Shelley and knitting her pretty forehead over the Revolt of Islam. Think of Thomas Aquinas reading Wordsworth in the schools of Paris. Fancy old Paracelsus reading Robert Browning's version of his life. Would he have known himself? If a freak of nature had by some mischance cast in a Dickens or a Carlyle into a mass like this, what do you think would have become of them?'

'I suppose,' said Philip, smiling, 'that, being out of place, like all other misplaced things, they would have found their place or have been obliged to sing and talk to each other; and the world would have, perhaps, been none the worse. Men have been out of place before. What right had Prometheus to that stolen fire before the world was ready for it? What right ——'

'For shame, Philip,' interrupted Ralph, hastily. 'These men whom you call out of place, they are the world's best souls. Out of place! Was Moses out of place when he brought the stone tables down the mountains to the Israelites at their calf-worship? Were Socrates, and Luther, and Milton, and the martyrs, out of place, when they worked or wrote too nobly for their time? You are a Christian, Philip. Was JESUS out of place when HE taught of peace, and charity, and kindness, and heavenly hope, when HE gave the new commandment on the plains of Judea eighteen centuries ago? Away with such ideas! No true soul is ever out of place. We look to make the world more fit and ready to receive them, and this is why I look to the future. It is more fit now than once, more pure and clean, I think, for the dwelling of such souls. You remember what Mrs. Browning says:

'EARTH out-grows the mystic fancies
Sung beside her in her youth:
And those debonaire romances
Sound but dull beside the truth.
PHŒBUS' chariot-course is run!
Look up, poets, to the sun!'

'Let us all try to look up there more than we have ever done. But, Paul,' he added, 'you are too silent. Judge between us. Our pleas are drawn, and you must decide. Be our Rhadamanthus, and judge between the shade of the past and the spirit of the future.'

'Between the *past* and the *future*?' said Paul. 'It is like asking me to judge between the beauty of a glorious day in autumn or in spring. The question is just as endless and just as useless. Neither past nor future is our sphere. We are living *now*, here in the present where there is work to do, and joy to feel, and good to win; where life is still poetry, and duty still sublime; where, as in all times,

'Unto him who works and feels he works,
That same grand year is ever at the doors.'

Not that I disdain the past. I would only bind it, and the future too, to the service of the present, for this, I think, is their use. You bring your memory and your hope, and I would swell them into one blessed union of charitable, faithful, hopeful *content*. Past and future together may teach us the continuity and living power of our life and of our world, the eternal freshness of nature. Is it nothing that the sun, whose rising sent, this morning, so many a poor heart up singing to its God, is the same that waked old Memnon's chorus on the sands of Egypt when the world was young? I love to read of those old men living just as we do now. Their life was just what ours is. You can trace, they say, a family likeness in the old dry faces of Egypt's mummies as we can in each other's here. The household mark which God put upon their features, to bind them together, is still there. This is what gives value to the past. A day or two ago I saw at a friend's house an old earthen lamp, rough, rude, still full of Roman earth, which was found in one of Cicero's villas; and that old bit of classic pottery had a moral force, as it came out of its long sleep, and silently told of that old familiar life so like the life that we are living here to-night. The past, a thing of facts and dates, is dead, and so a curse; the past, a thing of sentiments and thoughts, is alive and god-like in the teachings of its life. Rome, a thing of stones and ruins, is a barren quarry and no more; Rome, a thing of memories and histories, of old heroism, old piety, old manhood, is all the world's teacher forever, and just so the future. Give it life and it gives back life to you. It sends back heaven's light for earth's. You know the story how the old theatre rose and swayed and echoed with its feeling when the verse of Ennius was uttered on its stage: 'I am a man; I think no man-like thing is alien to me.' It was man's tribute to humanity. But looking forward and backward, may we not humbly, reverently, and in God's strength, take a tone more high than Ennius's, the tone of CHRIST, pay man's high tribute to divinity and say: I am a god; I think no god-like thing alien to me? May we not all live god-like lives; bidding the future shine through the storms of the past to paint its rainbow on the present? Were not old Madeline and Francoise living such lives? Let us hope the world is full of such lives to-night. O Philip! Ralph! has God forbidden us to add three more to their number? Before our evening fire is quite out, let us consecrate our hearth anew. Let us set up our Penates, and let them be Duty, Memory, and Hope. God bless our vows! God keep

them for us when we fail! We are old men, but man is never old enough to live aright. We may have thought our voyage almost over, but let us gird up our loins and take the oar in hand, and, side by side, start like the old Ithacan on our new Odyssey of duty,

‘ONE equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.’

And so good-night, brothers,’ said Paul, with his kind smile. ‘Let us pray for pleasant dreams to-night, and pleasant, happy, holy lives forever.’ And Ralph and Philip answered with Amen!

T H E D Y I N G Y E A R .

FROM the old woods, dim and lonely
Comes a moan;
There the winds are sighing only:
‘Summer’s gone!’
All the bright and sunny hours,
And the green and leafy bowers,
With the Summer’s latest flowers,
Are faded now;
And the brow
Of the waning year
Has been twined with dying leaves:
And the gathering of the sheaves
Tells us Autumn’s here.

Now the winds go loudly moaning
Through the vales:
And the forest trees are groaning
Mournful tales
Of decays that swiftly gather,
Of the coming wintry weather,
Of the snow, that like a feather
Soon will fall:
And the call
Of Death is sighing
Over all the rippling streams:
And the Summer’s lingering gleams
Are sadly dying.

’Tis the waning, waning twilight
Of the year
That hovers now, all strangely bright,
Round us here:
And soon the year will pass away,
Like the light of an autumn day,
Adown old Winter’s dim highway
To its tomb:
And the gloom
Of the Silent Land
Will rest on the bright years flown:
And the winds of Time will moan
O’er the dreamless band!

Hartford, (Conn.), September.

H. T. S.

LUGUBRIOUS LINES.

O DEAR! such a great, rainy, lonesome old night!
 When one cannot have but one little gas-light:
 And sitting like stupid Jacks round an old table,
 Each tries to enjoy himself as well as he's able:
 I wish, I declare, I could hear a full band —
 I feel like the awfulest fool in the land:
 This abominable corn on my horrible toe,
 Makes one think of an Orthodox seated below,
 Enjoying himself by a great roaring fire,
 And wishing in vain he was up somewhat higher!
 I believe I must go and play an 'elegant tune,'
 So up in the parlor will fly like a coon:
 Good JOHN, what's the use of one trying to talk?
 I wish to the mercy I was LOUIS GOTTSCHALK!

BIOGRAPHY OF A GENIUS.

—
 'WHAT Fates impose, that men must needs abide:
 It boots not to resist both wind and tide.'
 —

WHAT planet was in the ascendant on the day of my nativity, I am not able to say — whether the crab or dog-star: all I know is, that by common consent, I'm considered a genius.

While yet in petticoats, not properly *matched*, my precocious curiosity led me to take my Dutch uncle's French watch to pieces, and put it together again — the pieces at least. Thus early, genius, like murder, will out: there is no hiding it: curiosity is the desire to know, and that leads to knowledge:

—
 'How many a noble heart, now widely known,
 Owes its young impulse to this power alone!'
 —

Having by accident one day, broken the leg of a pet duck, I was caught splicing it; the duck said 'quack,' though others dubbed me doctor.

Titles came not single; my ability to *plead* and make out a *case* of not guilty, when complaints were lodged against me, was evidence of such genius, as to entitle me to the name Lawyer; my Dutch uncle unfortunately pronounced it *Liar*, but meant much better than he expressed himself.

—
 'LIFTED up so high
 I strained subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest.'
 —

The arts and sciences lay before me. Drawing, painting, and rhyming became my favorite pursuits. Paper by the ream and ink in pools were in demand. The market rose, my uncle's brows lowered. His eye was on economy, mine on fame.

A lecture on extravagance followed ; the genius of my muse took fire, and would indite, for the obedient hand to write, and thus she sang :

'Now it's rather hard to abuse
An humble bard — to accuse
Him with wasting ink ;
Merely for a humorous caper,
Scribbling numerous sheets of paper ;
Yet 't is none of yours I think.'

He read it, but whether its sublimity or impertinence struck him most, I can't say, only by his expression. I feared he might strike me, and give me a 'striking likeness of his dislikings.' As to my doting father, he made me do just as I pleased, always providing I pleased to do right, and attend to my business. Well, *we* always do what is right, if we know what that is, a species of knowledge hard to learn, blinded by self-love and high aspirations.

Music claimed my attention next, as a branch of the fine arts, before I could claim to be a son of Apollo. No sooner thought than done : a clarinet suited my taste if not that of others, with which I set the old people's teeth on edge, and cured my maiden aunt of the nervous twitches, by completely unstringing them.

Having accomplished so much in-doors, my genius, or evil geni, urged me to give all out-doors the benefit of my music : if a false note occasionally made my uncle think the geese were in concert with me, no matter.

"This must be the music," said he, 'of the spears,
For I'm blest if each note of it does n't run through one."

Yes, like that of Orpheus, it attracted the very stones about me : a family council was convened, when it was resolved that I should not play in concert, nor disturb nature's repose, and the inertia of matter by my strain at melody ; they advised me to play solo on the flute, so low indeed as to disturb no one, lest I should be bound over to keep the peace.

Tastes differ, alas ! for a single genius in a family ! There is none to sympathize with him. I read Pope, but I hate Popes and potentates. And I do n't agree with Pope. He says :

'ONE science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, no narrow human wit.'

I am an exception, for I'm just as bright in one as the other of the varied sciences ; only like the man's farm, I can't get at it, because another man has his on the top of it. But I'll dig down and undermine it, or be buried in its ruins : away with misgivings :

'HALF of the ills we board within our hearts,
Are ills because we board them.'

A genius, like other folk, can't etherealize the realities of life, and the necessity of going into business was forced upon me. I preferred partnership, and, therefore, sought one, verifying the adage, 'they that seek will find.' A man of such varied capacities was considered adapted for keeping a variety-store, and a country store was just that thing. Though no capital in hand, every one agreed that I was a capital hand to go into it, and I went. Though my Dutch uncle told me 'to go where I went, and went where I will,' (when means were wanted,) I followed his advice, and went on my own hook, which, by-the-by, was soon straightened out, and let me down gently.

But all this is owing to phrenology, because a fellow told me my bump of benevolence was too large, and my acquisitiveness too small, and that I had a conscience, and such stuff. Be that as it may, my shelves were empty, though my books well filled. I collected my accounts, and as I could not alter my head I changed my business. That there was something wrong somewhere was certain; so I felt my head, but there was nothing in that, nor phrenology, though I felt the fellow's remarks.

A drug-store was next entered upon: here was a chance to dabble in unguents and tinctures, powders and pills, and all the ills that the genus homo is heir to. Having, unfortunately, no taste to take medicines myself, my plaguery conscience, or something, prevented me from forcing it upon others. But what I failed to do, doctors and printers did for me, and customers were not wanting.

Thus, no doubt, I should have gone on and prospered, had it not fallen to my lot to have a 'bublyjock.' If you wish to know what that is, consult Sir Walter Scott. We call it a hobby.

I had a peculiar propensity of wandering out into unfrequented paths, accoutred with a tin box and a small hoe: thus I'd wander through dark swamps, and climb the rugged hill-side, in quest of plants and flowers, insects and objects of natural history, and on such occasions enjoyed serene and refreshing contemplation, for

'NATURE hath made nothing so base, but can
Read some instruction to the wisest man.'

Those rambles excited suspicion in the villagers. The more wise shrewdly suspected I went out 'prospecting,' or in search of the philosopher's stone; if not, for an herb to make a universal panacea that would renew to old age the vigor of youth.

My Dutch uncle became curious, and when on my return he saw my collection, and heard the hard names I gave them, he looked puzzled, until one familiar to him arrested his attention. 'And what do you call that?' he asked. 'That is the *Aristolochia Serpentaria*,' said I. 'The Aristo what? I know better,' says he; 'it's the Snake-root.' 'Yes,' says I, 'but that name is applied to a dozen plants, belonging to as many genera — and by no means proper to use.' 'I know better, I have used it, and know the use of it, and assure you it is nothing but snake-root. What's the use to give such a name as you have? — it's

enough to choke a man,' said he. 'Uncle, you are joking now,' said I laughingly, and continued my work.

In time, by perseverance, much can be accomplished. A room set apart for the purpose became a queer-looking place to the uninitiated; boxes with clay, and pet caterpillars, jars, bottles with snakes and the like, and rows of insects stuck upon pins in motley groups.

This was my private sanctum, into which my uncle had not yet penetrated, until one day he came in 'sans ceremonie,' his eyes dilated with astonishment, and then softened into a look of pity. 'Surely,' says he, 'you must be crazy: this is why I have seen you run like a fool after bugs and butterflies, to torture the poor creatures and pin them down in boxes.'

To conciliate him, I exhibited to him the larva, cocoon, chrysalis, and perfect insect of a male and female *Ægeria exitosa*, assuring him that they had been taken from the base of his favorite peach-tree, and then gave him a history of its progressive changes, illustrated by my drawings, laying before him a ream of unsized foolscap bound into a book, with other drawings and manuscripts. Seeing the interest he manifested in the history of the borer of his favorite peach-tree, I felt encouraged, especially as he turned the leaves and examined my drawings, that he would approve of my labors, for which I had pecuniary, I mean peculiar, reasons to desire, and left him to his cogitations undisturbed.

Still water runs deep; all this time, instead of admiring my labors, he was calculating how much time I had spent and paper wasted during the last twelve years, and summed up by informing me, that it was no wonder I could not get along in business, for the time and labor thus wasted, applied to getting property, would have enabled me to have a home of my own and all the comforts of life around me, and no favors to any body.

'Well, but uncle, it is creditable to be a naturalist!' said I, beseechingly. 'You are a natural fool, just as I always believed you would be. Who is going to pay you for all this?' was his reply. Oh! what a fall of hope!—it sank to zero. Why was I not born an idolater of the mighty dollar, instead of a genius? Every body seems selfish, publishers and all. Lithographers and binders all want pay, and that in advance. Then, while light reading sells like hot cakes, none but the few care for matters of history. There is no help for it, I mentally exclaimed, and gave myself up to despair. What the consequence might have been, I am not able to say, had not a number of the *KNICKERBOCKER* been put into my hands. To read it none can resist, be his grief ever so pungent. I did read: a few pages infused a new life into me: another draught, I laughed out-right—a cured man, sound in mind and body. It dissipates the blues, and will cure a gangrene, or any colored malady that man is subject to.

Having dabbled in curatives, I cordially recommend the *KNICKERBOCKER* to the healthy to laugh and grow fat on, and to the sickly to read it, for the flow of its vitality and stimulating powers.

Such is the testimony voluntarily given by

A GENIUS

THOUGHTS I HAD UPON MY BED.

AWAKE one night upon my bed,
As various things I pondered o'er,
Such thoughts came suddenly through my head,
As never had been there before.

Such thoughts! — they had by far surpassed
All I had ever heard or read,
And wakened reveries so vast,
They scarce found room within my head.

The moon down through the window-panes
Was beaming brightly on my head :
And half-commingled with her rays,
Those marvellous visions came and fled.

They such surprising circuits made,
And to such prodigies gave birth ;
They through the heavens one moment strayed,
The next came rushing back to earth.

Oh ! could I but have pinioned fast
Those thoughts I had upon my bed ;
Or pen transcribed them as they passed
In swift succession through my head :

Such cogitations would be read
In this nocturnal, marvellous store,
As never yet upon his bed,
A musing mortal had before.

But, with a transient visit paid,
They back to native ether fled ;
Of such ethereal stuff were made,
Those thoughts I had upon my bed.

The moon, my nightly monitor,
Had sent them thronging through my head :
I saw them flying back to her,
Those thoughts I had upon my bed.

And though I've sought with might and main
To call them back into my head,
She will not deign to send again
Those thoughts I had upon my bed.

All lonely now and silent are
The 'vacant chambers' * in my head :
Right gladly would I welcome there,
Those thoughts I had upon my bed.

But as a-down the ocean green
Full many a priceless gem has sped ;
So passed from mortal ken, I ween,
Those thoughts I had upon my bed.

C. E.

* * *That's so !*

S O N N E T .

REPINE not, Poet, though our age's bays
 By arts all alien to thy soul be won :
 Nor frown if aims thou canst not choose but shun
 Hold vested empire of the realm of praise.
 Though Honor, menial-clad, meek homage pays
 To petty crafts which shred out one by one
 Each thread of Nature's veil (that every sun
 Through ruder rents reveals her injured gaze ;)
 Though panting echoes vie that skill to sound
 Which wrings new service from the tortured wheel,
 Or cheats the minute in its hasty round ;
 Sing, Poet ! though none heed thee, glad and strong !
 The mighty choral of our human weal
 Some notes of love would want without thy song. LEON.

ELEANOR MANTON : OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER TEN.

A NEW EXPERIENCE.

'I AM going.'

These words fell on my ears before my eyes had opened to the morning light. I looked up and saw Lina standing by the bed-side.

'What !' I exclaimed in consternation.

'I am going.'

'Going where, child ?'

'I do not know where ; but here I can stay no longer. I will wander in the streets ; I will beg, I will starve, rather than be any longer a slave.'

I was now fully awake, and aroused to the full importance of the step she was taking. I said :

'No, Lina, you must not do this ; you do not know the worse than slavery that awaits you, if you go forth unprotected into the street.'

'But are there not hundreds of others doing the same ? Is it any worse for me than for them ? I am better fitted to take care of myself than many. If I am not fitted for this I am fitted for nothing. No matter, nothing worse can come to me than I have experienced. I am going. You are the first who ever spoke kind words to me. You will soon be gone, and I cannot live again in such a desert as this would be without you. I must hurry, so as to get far away before they are up.'

'No, Lina, you must not go ; even this is better than the life you will fall into if you go out into the world. I cannot permit it. I will go to uncle Simeon and tell him the truth. His heart is not entirely

hard. He can be made to feel, and will see that you are treated better.'

'He is kind to me so far, that he does not scold or beat me ; but he knows it is done, and he cannot help it. Of what use is it for him to speak ? Aunt Dolly only goes into fits, and there is a general row, during which he is convinced that any thing is better than a fuss, and wishes I would hold my tongue, and not complain about nothing. She carries her point, and treats me worse than ever. No, I am going : it is of no use to persuade me. I thought at first I would not let you know, that no blame might rest upon you ; but I could not think of never seeing you again, without saying good-by.'

I found it was of no use to persuade her : in the midst of my entreaties she turned and ran. I heard her noiseless feet glide down the stairs ; the street-door opened and shut softly, and she was gone — 'to destruction,' I said to myself ; and then better thoughts came up. 'No,' she *will* take care of herself. I am sure no greater evil will befall her ;' for I have not soiled my pages with the record of the darkest crimes committed in making her miserable.

She was gone, and I must now prepare for the consternation I should meet when it became known in the household. I descended to breakfast with my face schooled to uncommunicativeness ; but it was not long in being discovered that the multifarious duties which were usually performed by her who 'neglected nothing,' were this morning left undone.

'Where is Lina ?' was soon reverberating through all the house. She was not to be found, and the servants knew nothing of her mysterious absence. I was asked if I knew where she was gone, and I could answer with truth that I knew not. Aunt Dolly had the usual series of fits, which yielded to the usual restoratives. It did not occur to her to accuse the young girl of fleeing from slavery or misery, but of hating restraint and loving folly and sin better than a home and friends who had been all friends could be to the homeless and friendless. She could not live without an object of hatred, something human on which to pour out her spleen, and now began to imagine and then to accuse me of having encouraged her in disobedience, and sin by sympathizing with her, and very likely aiding and abetting her in running away. I had sympathized with her surely, but my conscience did not trouble me for this. It would do her no good now to make the confession, so I kept silence. Whatever I had done, it was of no use now to deny ; for neither reason nor argument had any influence with my accuser. It was for her own gratification that she heaped up reproaches, and it would only increase her bitterness to be convinced they were undeserved. But being neither 'a destitute orphan' nor a bond slave, I was not obliged to remain subject to her malice : so I arose also and went. A parting would only have been an occasion of bitter recrimination, and my aversion to scenes was not less than uncle Simeon's. I therefore walked out, leaving vacancy to tell of my departure.

I was again in the brother's quiet home, where I was welcome, where others were happy, and where there was no reason why I should not be. The quiet was grateful, but I had no longer an object of sympathy or interest, and the morbid sadness came back again.

Now it was thought by those who were quiet and content, that I had been amidst the luxuries of wealth, and surrounded by fashionable splendor, till they had become necessary to me. Nothing would satisfy me but excitement. It is always strange to men that women can never be contented. It does not occur to them to imagine for themselves a change of position, occupation and amusement, and merely in imagination to be content with it.

The man who goes forth to business does not know that the air he is compelled to breathe invigorates him for his toil ; that the acquaintances he meets on the way, and the words of pleasant cheer which greet him, and the thousand sights and sounds which divert him, prevent care and thought from corroding. He does not know how much easier is any amount of independent toil than idleness. He does not know how impossible it is to be content with an active mind, a yearning heart, with no object of interest for the present, and no hope for the future.

There had come a little one to gladden the household, and the mother ' was never so happy,' never weary watching its budding charms, anticipating its wants, and pressing it to her bosom. It was hers — it was theirs ; what a wealth of happiness it brought to them ; they could not understand why it was not the same to me. If they had endeavored for a little time to feel the same interest in another's house and another's child that they did in their own, they might have learned that for me it was not enough to see others happy ; that the houses and children of others cannot fill the world for the stretched-out hands or aching heart of one who cannot call them MINE.

That can never be HOME to two persons who occupy it with separate interests. The house may be a shelter to her who has no voice in the direction of its affairs, a shelter for which she should be grateful ; but it is not home, and she is but an alien, though among her kindred. Ay, to be among strangers may be more grateful to her feelings, for it is the saddest of all experiences when those who once constituted a family, their wants supplied from the same source, must be self-reliant ; when those who have been accustomed to one common treasury must keep a ' debt-and-credit account ;' when sisters begin to say, ' You owe me,' and brothers, ' You never paid me,' the family-bond is broken : that they are of one blood, does not preserve the ties of affection.

' Do you ever wish something awful would happen ?' said a young lady to me one day.

I was on the point of denying it, for I thought it such an evidence of a corrupt and depraved nature, that it was like confessing myself a thief or murderer. So I answered with a question.

' Do you ?'

' Yes,' she said ; ' I do not really wish the things would happen, and yet I do. I cannot tell how it is, but I long for *something* to happen.'

I said : ' This is probably the solution of it, that you wish *something* to happen. So do I. I am sure no one could feel a more sincere sympathy for suffering, and yet to hear of calamities, of the devastations of war and pestilence, gives me a singular pleasure.'

' And me too,' said she. ' I feel as if I was dreadfully wicked ; but when last winter my sister lost her husband, and was so wretched, I

was glad, not that he died, or that my sister was unhappy ; I loved him and mourned him, and pitied her, and yet found myself lighter of heart.'

She had not philosophized so long upon it as I had, but I knew it was the change, the excitement, any thing to disturb the monotony of life. She lived in a luxurious home, which required of her no toil, which awakened in her no interest. Her life was like rank vegetation. She could even rejoice at the coming of death, to quicken pulsation and give zest to existence. I have since heard the same confession from many who lived in the same luxurious idleness. Something to do ! I was one day looking for calamities, when my eye fell upon an advertisement.

'A teacher is wanted in a family where there are three children, etc. ; references exchanged.' This was what I had been revolving in my mind, but I did not know how to bring it about. I had not thought of advertisements, and I had not spoken of my projects. I did not wish to be a *governess*. I had no faculty for governing, and especially for governing other people's children. This said teacher, I will answer it ; there can be no harm in that. I will see what they require.

I wrote, stating my qualifications ; what I was willing and what I was not willing to do. Now I had something to think about, at least till the reply should come to my letter, and till then I would keep my own counsel. It would be time enough to attend to the objections of others when my own were satisfied.

In a week it came, references, salary and all, and with the condescending assurance that 'With us a teacher is treated as one of the family, expected to sit at the table and see company.'

'They must be very nice people,' I said to myself, 'to allow a person who teaches their children to sit at the same table and see their company ! I think I will go. I wish to see something of life, and learn the ways of all kinds of people. I wish to do something that will seem useful and improve myself. There is nothing required that I cannot perform ; and if I do not like I can leave. I will go. I wrote accordingly, and then informed my friends of what I had done.

'Preposterous ! ridiculous ! what can you mean ?' were a few of the exclamations which met my declaration.

'A governess, a teacher, when you are independent and can do what you please. You must have lost your senses.'

'I am independent in one sense ; in another I am as dependent as the rest of womankind. I have a little money which procures me what I need to eat, drink, and wear ; but this is not all I need, though it is a truth incomprehensible to you. I am living entirely for myself, and this cannot satisfy any human being.'

'But here you are in a great city with thousands who are suffering every species of poverty and misery. Cannot you interest yourself in them, if you are so very earnest to do good ?'

'I could if I thought proper ; but to perform this kind of good, one must become conspicuous, and the class of persons by whom the work is systematized are not to my taste. I could easily engage my deepest sympathies in relieving the sufferings of the starving, but there is no

way in which I can do it efficiently without exposing myself to annoyance and obloquy which would soon destroy me. I cannot go alone through by-lanes and alleys on errands of mercy ; and beside, though very popular and of good repute, I do not consider it the only way of doing good. I do not pretend either to be seeking the good of others alone ; I am seeking also the benefits which will result to myself.'

Even Aunt Ida was moved to take up her pen in such a cause, though I had not known her to write three letters in all the time of our acquaintance. She was in consternation at the folly and disgrace of such a course. I had not attempted to give her reasons, for these she could not have understood, and very well I knew there would not be one apparent to her that would have a shadow of plausibility.

She promised to do any thing in her power to make home pleasant, and said I need not have a 'bit of care or thing to do if I would only come home.' Alas ! she did not know that a little care and something to do were just what I wanted, and because they could not be furnished me there, was just the reason I cared not to go.

My father expressed no special interest about it. I gave him no particulars except the liberal salary offered, and that I should be *earning money* was sufficient reason in his eyes for doing any thing, though money was not one of my wants.

It was indeed like lifting a millstone or moving a mountain to resolve to go out into the world alone, and act for myself ; to die and to be buried would have been far sweeter ; but I had not my choice. I must live, and did not choose to relapse into idiocy or go mad.

The family of which I was to become a member, lived in the country from April to December, and I was to go in May. My preparations were easily made, and the appointed time was not long in coming. On the first day of May, by the several conveyances of boat, cars, and stage, I went, and had no particular adventures by the way. At a cross-road station, where three roads met, I was told 'the carriage should meet me.' On arriving at the designated place, my one lone trunk was scarcely deposited upon the platform of the little station-house, when a tall black man in livery accosted me, asking politely : 'Is this Miss Manton ?' I answered, 'Yes,' and he said the carriage of Mr. Macroye was waiting for me. In a moment we were on the way, and it was three miles, he said, to the house. I looked out upon the fields as we passed, and was reminded of the descriptions I had read of English or Holland scenery, for there was not a mountain, hill, or knoll in sight. The trees were already in full foliage ; the grass was green, and around the little white cottages of the peasants spring-flowers were already in blossom.

Every thing was in the perfection of neatness, entirely surpassing any thing I had seen among an agricultural people before. The fences were painted white, and among the humblest cottagers there was an exhibition of taste to which I was not accustomed. I learned afterward that most of them were originally from Holland or England, and with not half the means of Yankee farmers, gave themselves many more of the elegancies of life. I could not say about their comforts until I could peep inside.

In the midst of my ruminations the carriage stopped, and I looked up to behold the fair mansion which was to be for a little time my home. It was a sort of Gothic structure, standing a few rods back from the street, with a high tower, in aspiring imitation of the castles of the age of feudal grandeur, though there were no battlements or other preparations of defence against barbaric foes. The walls were of wood, covered with dark-gray sand, which looked very much like stone, and answered every purpose in a peaceful country. A piazza by a delicate tracery of carved work encircled the whole building, and broad granite steps led up to its massive doors on each of the four sides. We reached the north entrance by a circuitous drive within the gates.

A servant opened the door, and immediately appeared the lady of the house to welcome me, and immediately after her the children, with evident eagerness to see what sort of person she might be to whom they were to become subject. The lady was tall and thin, with the lines upon her face, and the variegated hues upon her hair, that told either of age or suffering, and a smile ever relaxing the otherwise stern features of her visage, which evidently did not come from her soul, but was worn for a purpose; what this purpose was I had yet to discover. Her eye was like a meteor, with now and then a flash, that reminded one of the fierce glare of chain-lightning. In the days of her youth she must have been very handsome. Of my reception I had no reason to complain, nor of the apartments which were assigned me up a winding stairs in the third story, where, all to myself, I was to occupy them. The north window looked out upon the garden, which seemed to me a grand pasture, so extensive were its borders, so rich was its early bloom and so perfect the neatness of its arrangements. Upon the west I looked out upon the lawn, shorn to velvet smoothness, and the western sky, where the setting sun had just then shed upon a mass of fleecy clouds the richest gold and crimson tints; and upon the neighboring fields a halo of purple splendor. The graceful linden was waving above my head, and the soft air of evening sighing among the branches of the cedar of Lebanon. Surely, I thought, this is paradise. May it be inhabited at least by *human* beings.

I was sitting by the window looking out upon a scene which one must certainly be less than human not to find exercising over him something of the enchantress's power, when the youngest of the little girls whom I had seen at my entrance, came gently in to tell me tea was ready, and Ma had sent her to guide me to the dining-room. She was pretty, with grace in every motion. I took her hand, and chatting pleasantly by the way, we were in a moment in the well-lighted, oblong room, where were gathered the family around the board where the smoking urn, muffins, toast, and many another delicacy, breathed hospitality and good cheer. Now I first saw the master of the mansion, who seemed about the age of his consort, but portly, with a quick, bustling air, that one feared a little additional breeze might convert into blustering, and a face upon which was written hardness, that nothing like a smile ever softened. His hair was iron-gray, and his eye of the same cold hue, but his manners were cordial, and hearty even, and a

manifest openness and sincerity which pleases, though every other pleasing quality may be lacking. The fire blazed brightly within the grate, for it was chilly, and as there was company, a cheerful flow of conversation was kept up, and there seemed to me a genial atmosphere.

After tea we adjourned to the library, where I underwent a kind of examination, as to my opinions and acquirements, but with an air which betrayed the desire to display the accomplishments of my interlocutor rather than my own, and which, therefore, could not be otherwise than satisfactory. I was weary, and retired early, and, gratified on the whole at my new prospects, needed no other opiate to insure my sleeping sweetly till morning.

I was awakened early by the birds who sang merrily in the trees, whose branches screened me from the morning sun, and before my toilet was fairly finished, was reminded, by a deep-toned bell, of what I was informed the night before, that breakfast was also early, and that punctuality was considered indispensable in all who dwelt under this roof. But it was the first bell, and I was in season to stroll into the garden before my punctuality would be endangered. Barley-wood was the name by which the country-seat was known, and this was the first time I had seen the perfection to which wealth and taste could bring a spot of earth, which, under inferior cultivation, would be called a farm. From a little eminence I could look over the length and breadth of the premises, and saw every rod teeming with beauty, whether it were the fields newly planted and sown ; the bit of forest left to its primeval grandeur ; the meadow green and bright, watered by the little rill that gleamed like a silver thread winding upon a sea of emerald ; the lawn dotted with tiny shrubs and grand, flowering trees of every name ; or the garden gay with the bloom of every clime. The treasures of the grapery, conservatory, and green-house I could only see through a glass darkly, and had only time for a glance over all the beautiful scene. It was like being awakened from a trance, when again the bell sounded in my ear, for in my dreams I had never pictured nature in a dress so fair.

My cheeks were glowing with the excitement of which my walk and pleasurable meditations were the cause, and very gratifying to my hearers were my exclamations of wonder and admiration.

After breakfast I was chaperoned over the establishment, at the perfection of which I was expected to exhibit the same astonishment, but I had seen elegant houses before, and if I had not, they had not the same effect on me as a beautiful garden, field, or grove. Yet I admired, for every thing was in the perfection of taste as well as elegance ; there was no specious glare or glitter, nothing indicating the vulgar desire for show, without delicacy or adaptation. But the consciousness that it was a rare exhibition was not the less evident, and the manners of the exhibitors as plainly said, 'What a wide difference there must be between you and us.' I felt it, but could not tell exactly in what it consisted, and felt, also, the unmistakable indications that there was lacking in all the refinement of mind and soul which neither education nor the external appliances of wealth and position can ever give.

We have no disposition to criticise or quarrel with what is commonly termed 'parvenu aristocracy,' as the distinguishing appellation of a certain class whose only fault is that they have acquired their own wealth, instead of being indebted for it to their fathers. Neither inherited wealth nor an ancient pedigree confers refinement of soul and delicacy of feeling. We have seen a modest flower spring up in a hovel amid filth and vice, in a family which had its origin in crime and was wedded to degradation, that needed only to be transplanted in order to grace a palace, and would never be in danger of forfeiting her appellation of lady by a vulgar look or motion, without hint or instruction. Education and the restraints of society may teach self-government and conformation to the rules of etiquette and what the world calls good breeding, and are to be estimated at their full value ; but we prefer nature's perfect work, and no quantity or quality of acquirements can confer what she has withheld.

I saw that I had come among those who thought that wealth and a fine house had placed them on a pinnacle from which they could look down with contempt on all who had not these appendages, and that contempt was the proper feeling toward all upon whom they looked down. They took it for granted, and very naturally, that no person could undertake to teach them but from the necessity of coining money, and such a necessity in a woman implied degradation. But I did not feel disposed to murmur at this ; I had never found a bed of thornless roses, and certainly did not look for it here. I had not passed half a day with the ladies of the family without understanding well my position, but I did not on this account regret the assuming it. I came to teach the children, and had never yet failed in gaining the love of those with whom I was daily and hourly associated, unless hated for some reason entirely unconnected with myself. I had resolved not only to be benefited myself, but to do good to others, to fulfil every reasonable expectation, and a great deal more than perform my duty rather than not please. So I smiled in inward complaisance, and made no attempt to seem on an equality with those who were to profit by my good resolutions.

I was permitted two or three days to form a general acquaintance with my pupils and the surroundings of the establishment before being installed in my office, and devoted them to rides, and walks, and conversations as familiar as the distance between me and my companions would allow.

The oldest girl was fourteen, a brunette, with a face in which flesh and blood, form and hue were so combined as to produce a dashing kind of beauty, which has more admirers than any other in the world, because in the world there are as yet few comparatively who can appreciate a higher kind. She was entirely of the earth earthy, and had no ambition which the most grovelling of earth's pleasures cannot satisfy. The second daughter was twelve, a blonde with a pensive cast of countenance and a fragile form, and as opposite in every trait of character as her external mould would indicate. The boy was ten, a bright, manly, good-tempered fellow, and his father's idol.

They had no ambition for themselves, and no love of knowledge.

To inspire them I soon found would be like inspiring the dogs and rabbits with which they played. They had no conception of the meaning of knowledge, and though they had been abundantly supplied with teachers, had not learned the first rudiments of music, or any language or science.

Their father's ambition was sufficient for a regiment, and had it been in his power to compel them, their acquirements would have been without limit, but his knowledge was confined to the names of things, and the long lists of books which catalogues contain. He knew his deficiencies in the learning of the schools, and for this reason would give his children every opportunity for acquiring it. But in his ignorance he had no means of judging of their real progress, and supposed they were not only precocious in genius, but rare examples of cultivation for their years. I was in despair, for having been apprized of his expectations at my hands, I knew failure must be written on all I attempted.

I had been told they could read French, and they did not know a verb from a noun, nor the rule by which to determine a single part of speech. They were musicians without having learned the difference between a note of eight beats and one of two, and they were arithmeticians without having once heard of the multiplication-table. It had never occurred to me that such ignorance could exist in a civilized community.

I began with saying that they had been very badly instructed, which was a truth almost appalling to a parent who believed them already accomplished. But I set myself to work diligently to supply the defects. The process was sufficiently tedious in itself, and one which no vividness of description could render readable. It will soon be evident how long I persevered in so thankless a task.

The mother had learned to read, and for the sole purpose, as she believed, of becoming familiar with two books—the Bible and Mrs. Hannah More's *Practical Piety*. The biography of this good lady was prohibited on the ground that there were some things recorded about which she thought there should have been 'the strictest silence—some things which she thought would have a very bad influence on the minds of young girls.' This opinion which I had now heard advanced for the first time, led me for the first time to look through the ponderous volume to find what could be so deleterious. And the young girls over whom she so assiduously watched, waited impatiently for the opportunity to do the same. But we still remained in ignorance, till I was confidentially informed that 'it could do the young no good to be made acquainted with the frivolous portion of her life,' and which by inquiry I succeeded in ascertaining, referred to an engagement of marriage! She could see no use in any knowledge but that which led us to prepare for death, while I could not help thinking that a preparation for life was quite as serviceable.

The ideas of her husband were exactly opposite, and theology and education therefore were a continual bone of contention between Mr. and Mrs. Macroye, which, during the six months that I remained there, never failed to be thrown like a gauntlet by one party and picked with the eagerness of famishing wolves by both, at least once a day.

The dinner-table was usually the battle-ground, and as this ceremony continued invariably two hours and a half, there was plenty of time for all mortal or immortal combats.

'Madame,' was the uniform appellation with which Mrs. Macroye was honored by her husband. And one could hardly refrain from the conclusion that 'Madame' had been selected to fill her present station, with sole reference to the qualities which she possessed for furnishing her husband with never-ending themes for dispute and family bickerings. It is true we never once heard them coincide in an opinion, and every preference, every habit, every matter of taste was in the one precisely opposite to what was in the other. We should have been forever in doubt about the nature of the magnet which attracted in such a case, if we had not heard her told in one of these combats, that 'when she was twenty she was a beauty and a fool, and now she was a fool and a mule.'

The 'Madame' so often and pertinaciously repeated, might have indicated a Gallic origin somewhat remote, had we not learned from indisputable authority that Monsieur was a genuine Hibernian, and the family name originally McRoy. The change of a letter or two gave it a doubtful appearance, and intercourse with the world, business and travel, combined with persevering effort, had deliterated all traces of the Emerald hue from the proprietor of it, though we confess this did not seem necessary in our eyes to his respectability, nor at all worth the pains which had been taken to bring about such a result. But 'Madame' had at least one virtue : nothing could exhaust her patience under any accumulation of wrath ; no clouds, nor storms, nor tempests, however fearful, could for an instant dissipate the smile which sat as if carved upon her countenance. The gleam of her eye was as changeful as the flame of a thousand fires, but it never communicated itself to her cheek, her tongue, or lips.

Punctuality, as we have said, was the one grand requisition of every member of the household, but it was a virtue which Madame in the twenty years she had lived with her husband had never learned to practise. She knew if she were not at the table the moment the servants were at their posts, Monsieur would first arraign her for that, and then would follow a list of all her short-comings, from her faith in Presbyterianism, which he hated, to her defects in knowledge, which he despised. Yet not three times in a month did she avoid this storm by the only compliance which would prevent it. Knowing that he had waited till his patience was exhausted and his impatience had converted him into a fury, she came in to be greeted by a torrent of reproach which made every other listener quail, as smiling as if she was listening to the most honeyed encomiums, and never by a word betrayed that they were not as pleasant to her ear.

Next to punctuality came order in arrangement, and a hair breadth's variation from the hair-line of its own proper position, of chairs, plate, knife or spoon, was sure to upset any composure which the storm of punctuality had permitted to remain, so that the anticipation of dinner was like anticipating a siege to those who are to witness but can take no part in the defence.

‘If Madame would ever be in season ; if Madame would ever see to things ; but she knows nothing of her proper duties, and cares nothing for the comfort of her family. My daughters shall not grow up such fools.’

To all of which Madame responded not a word. How she could keep silent, thus degraded before her servants and children, or rather why she did not spend her days in toil or her nights in sleepless watching, to gratify whims and caprices, however exacting, and save herself this humiliation, we could never understand. Perhaps she had made fruitless efforts till she was weary, and perhaps she had grown callous. She was wise certainly in holding her peace, for contradiction would have made of the household a bedlam. The proofs that she was not wholly submissive were sometimes made manifest by her attempts to evade and circumvent ; but when discovered, as she often was, she smiled and bent her head to the storm. No word ever escaped her lips that betrayed dissatisfaction with her lot or her lord. She evidently considered herself ‘well married,’ and the children had the idea that ‘a family’ was universally and necessarily a scene of confusion and broils.

There were only ten families within eight miles who were considered society, and these were proprietors of similar establishments, and in one of them was a young lady occupying a position similar to my own. She was without fortune or friends, an orphan, whom suffering had taught in a few years what the happy and prosperous are a long lifetime in learning, or what they learn not at all, of the stern realities of life. We had a similar experience in being ‘treated like one of the family,’ and from her I learned what I should otherwise never have known, concerning the origin and struggles of those who now looked with such contempt upon the toiling and struggling.

Monsieur was in his childhood the most ragged and pennyless of poverty-stricken urchins, whose mother, a genuine daughter of Erin, gained her livelihood by the process of bleaching, for which her countrywomen are so skilled ! and we record it as no disgrace. We only wonder how it is possible for people to so forget ‘the pit whence they were digged.’ Like the multitudes of the same class whom we see every day in the streets of a great city, he ventured his first pennies in pea-nuts and pop-corn, and sold them at a bargain. By the ordinary slow degrees he advanced step by step till a great commercial house owned him as its master-spirit, and in a great crash some half-a-dozen cursed him as the cause of their fall. Very early he retired from the contest, justifying himself with the adage, ‘To the victor belong the spoils.’ In addition to his gains he took with him the bitter hatred of his compeers, and in one year were impressed upon his form the marks of age which twenty should have been left to confer. Now he was lord of the manor, and cordially hated the republican institutions which could confer upon him no title that should infallibly distinguish him from those whom fortune had not thus favored. The manor of which he was lord was certainly one of which an English baron might be proud, and he had not studied the *régime* of baronial halls to no pur-

pose. But alas ! though he imported serfs to till his lands, the system of serfdom could not be maintained on republican soil. 'As soon as they breathed American air they were transformed — they grew restless and were, like their master, for 'bettering their fortunes,' which neither law nor custom could prevent.

He had travelled, observed keenly, reflected and profited by what he learned, but the wife, who, perhaps, was superior to him when they united their interests, had not enjoyed the same advantages ; the house owed the elegance and taste of its arrangements to one whom they had treated as a menial ; when once arranged, the mistress could keep it in order. She knew how to dress, but nature had denied her dignity and all capacity of cultivation ; all the blandishments of fortune could not make her a lady. She hated the position which was to her like a tread-mill, exacting a round of duties which afforded no pleasure, and which she could perform with no ease. The landscape was no more to her eye than a barren waste, and the flowers spread their wealth of bloom and shed their perfume at her feet unacknowledged by a smile.

The children of parents between whose characters there is no harmony, must necessarily be distorted, mentally, morally, or physically, and a nature more corrupt it was never our lot to meet, than the eldest daughter of a family whose position secured them from all vulgar associates, and who spent three fourths of the year in the seclusion of a rural home, which entirely precluded the possibility of learning evil by hearing it from or seeing it in others. The saying of the great lexicographer was verified, 'If you would have a daughter sure to become polluted, leave her to solitude and her own thoughts. If she is with company you may know the influence she is under ; but if she is alone, the devil may be her companion !'

'Father says I shan't be married till I am twenty-five,' she would soliloquize. 'I guess it will take more than him to prevent me. Old curmudgeon, how I hate him ! He wants to keep me in the background, so that he may appear young. I'll marry the first man that comes along. I'll run away. I'm not going to be tied here to any body's apron-strings. He says he was a fool to get married himself ; he hates mother, I know, and I'm sure I should think she would hate him ; I'm sure I do. Fury-fiend, everybody hates him.'

When this was not her theme, she was thinking about her dress, and longing for the time to come when she should be 'brought out,' and could wear velvets and satins and go to parties and operas. 'I guess nobody will prevent my having as many beaux as I please, and going where I please with them. I know half-a-dozen now, that are dying for me. Father thinks I stay all day at Aunt White's, when we go to the city, but he's mistaken. Gracious ! would n't he scold if he knew where I did go ; I have real fun. I'm not going to live in this moping way all the time. How I hate this old place ! I wish it was sunk ; mewed up with pigs, and chickens, and rabbits.'

Nothing could awaken in her mind an interest in books, in nature, or in art. The mother would not consent that she should read novels,

which might have diverted her from the grossest visions of her imagination, and works of truth and soberness of course a mind like hers could not plod through.

So she was left to her schemings, and what of food for her corrupt tastes she could extract from the gossip of the servants, in whose company she spent many hours that should have been devoted to sleep, as these were the only ones in which she was entirely secure from detection.

T H E P H A N T O M S .

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

I.

How maidens alas! prematurely decay!
 'T is Fate that allots them to Death for a prey;
 They fall like the grass when his sickle they feel,
 Allured by the ball, where a mazy quadrille
 With roses was strewing the ring.
 The stream disappears as it runs in the vale;
 The lightning must gleam for an instant, and pale;
 And blasted by April's invidious frost,
 The apple-tree's starry, white blossoms are lost —
 That odorous snow of spring.
 So life has its day, to be followed by night,
 And then comes the waking, in horror or light:
 A crowd at the banquet impatiently sits,
 But many a guest in confusion quits,
 Before the feast is done.

II.

How many have perished! One rosy and fair;
 Another, as lured of a heavenly air;
 A third, on her arm was supporting her head,
 And swayed as the branch when a bird is sped,
 The body snapped under the soul.
 One pale, wild prey to a sombre despair,
 Died whispering names to the vacant air;
 One faded away like a note on the lyre,
 And one with a smile I beheld expire,
 As angels may take wing.
 Frail blossoms with death in the ripening breast,
 Like Halcyons, drowned in a billowy nest;
 Doves, that from heaven had lit on the ground,
 With infantile graces and loveliness crowned,
 To number by springs their years.
 What, dead! and already laid under the stone!
 So fair, but with look and regard for none!
 Their torch is extinguished and flowers decayed.
 Oh! still let me gather the leaves as they fade,
 And plunge in the silent wood!

Sweet spirits! 't is there, as I dream in the shade,
That to me their phantom-like visits are paid;
By dubious light that conceals their forms
Through branches and thickets entangled by storms,

I've glimpses of eyes of fire.
My soul is transformed to a sister shade,
And life and the tomb upon memory fade;
I dance to their measure, their wings I essay,
Fair beings! am I disembodied as they,
Or are they as quick as I!
To fancy they lend immaterial form;
I see them! I see them! they beckon me come;
Encircling a tomb interwoven they shine,
And dance till in distance they gently decline:
I wake to myself again!

III.

Especially lovely, one maiden of Spain:
Hands white, and the bosom convulsed with pain:
Black eyes, in which kindled the fire creole;
Ineffably charming, with fresh aureole,
That rests on a brow of fifteen.

It was not of love unrequited she died,
For her love had yet neither pleasure nor pride:
Nor e'er beat her heart with tumultuous whirl,
When all that beheld her cried, Beautiful girl!

And no one had whispered it low.
Too fond of the dance! 't was the cause of her fall,
The whirling, exciting, inebriate ball;
And still do her ashes impatiently start,
As the shimmering clouds of a still night dart
And dance before the moon.

Too fond of the ball! when a fête was in sight,
'T was her day-light thought and her dream by night;
And partners, and music, and dancing, instead
Of resting, fatigued and bewildered her head,

And jostled and laughed at her side.
'Then 't was of jewels and collars she'd rave:
Of zones with a luminous moiré wave:
And tissues as light as the wing of a bee:
Or garlands and ribbons and ornaments see,
With flowers of lavish cost.

When the fête began with a sister band,
She'd run with her fluttering fan in hand,
And clustering sit under silken scarf,
With joyous scream and melodious laugh,
An orchestra in themselves.

'T was charming to see her engaged in the dance,
With spangled skirt of an azure glance;
'Neath the mantilla eyes dark and bright,
Like a double star on the front of night,
Piercing a sable cloud.

Her life was a fête of delightful employ,
And not a pretence of lugubrious joy:
For, rarely at balls may the heart expand,
Where exquisite silks upon ashes stand,
And platitude weighs upon all.
Absorbed with the waltz, in a flutter of gauze,
She flew and returned, as impatient of pause;

Thrilling with music's inebriate sound,
 Enchanted with glitter and gayety round,
 And medley of foot and voice.
 What joy in the gallop so madly to spin !
 To feel at each instant new vigor begin ;
 And know not if cloud-sustained she rode,
 Pursued the earth, or swiftly trod
 An ever-turning wave.
 Alas ! for the close ; when, with day-break at hand,
 Silk-clad, in the porch, for a while they stand ;
 And heedlessly oft will the dancer rare
 Feel shivering play on her shoulder bare,
 The chilly breath of dawn.
 The morrow is sad, when it follows a ball ;
 Farewell then to dancing and merriment all :
 The song is succeeded by obstinate cough,
 Dull fever drives all the sweet memories off,
 And sparkling eyes are dim.

IV.

She died at fifteen, pretty, happy, adored ;
 At the close of a ball that will e'er be deplored :
 From the arms of her mother, distracted and wild,
 Death ruthlessly snatched the idolized child,
 To wrap her, full dressed, in the shroud.
 For repeating the ball she was still arrayed,
 So hotly did Death press the victim he made,
 And roses that morning found wreathed on her head,
 At evening the ball with its fervor had spread,
 To wither next day in the tomb.

V.

Poor mother ! unconscious of what was decreed,
 To lavish such love on a fragile reed ;
 So long a watch over her sufferings to keep,
 With nights spent in putting her crying to sleep,
 Or watching beside her crib.
 To what end, when thy darling is taken away ?
 The worm battens now on his delicate prey ;
 She sleeps, and if e'er from the frozen ground,
 The sepulchred dead should awake around,
 To dance in the pale moon-light.
 For, mother, a hideous ghost will mime,
 Preside at her toilet, and whisper 't is time ;
 With a freezing kiss on her violet lip,
 His skeleton fingers caressingly slip,
 Through tresses dark-waving and long.

VI.

Fair girls that to balls your devotion have paid,
 Remember the fate of this innocent maid ;
 Enchanted, she plucked the fair roses of Life,
 And busied herself in the rapturous strife
 Of beauty, and pleasure, and love.
 The poor child from one fête to another was led,
 Till the roseate bloom from her cheeks had fled ;
 Her life was but short, and o'erwhelmed by the tide
 Of pleasure, OPHELIA-like, she died,
 Culling the flowers of spring.

Rix-Rax.

PLATONIC LOVE 'PLAYED OUT.'

Not many years gone by, there lived on one of the fashionable avenues of New-York, and in a mansion of no small pretensions, a wealthy maiden lady, whom, for the purposes of our story, we will call Miss Hannah Mitford. Whether she remained single from choice or necessity, it behoves us not to say. But it is most pertinent to remark that Miss Mitford had an adopted niece, whose youth, beauty, and 'expectancy,' bade fair to make her life less solitary than her dear aunt's. Sweet Earnest Mitford, ere her eighteenth year, had received a score of ardent suitors, and as she had rejected full twenty, not one could name himself 'the happy man.'

Still the intuition of her girlish heart told her that many times she had been loved with all the passionate devotion which may fire a manly breast. Yet had she more than once blighted the hopes of some presuming lover who united in himself the trinity of talent, rank, and fortune. Now why did she still appear unmoved and regardless of a tender sigh? Ah! that is what our story must explain. Earnest was neither a flirt nor a prude, and each new suitor seemed to make her sad. Having lived with her aunt from childhood, her education had been somewhat peculiar. Except in music and French, her worthy patroness had been her only teacher. And Miss Mitford, the elder, having a strong, masculine mind, exercised the most supreme control over the thoughts and actions of her fair ward. By the mere force of her will she could overcome the natural impulses of the weaker spirit. In short, Earnest had led a charmed existence, deferring always to the whim of her aunt.

Miss Hannah Mitford having never, even in her palmiest days, possessed the beauty of Helen, or the grace of Venus, had taken, with a perfect desperation, to the development of her intellect. And, according to her favorite theory, had the mind not been a very jewel, a real diamond, hers would have long ago been consumed with excessive polishing. She was wont sometimes to exclaim: 'Ah! Earnest, your dear aunt might have been married at your tender age, even, if with a common love she could have been content. But never was there one to love me for my mind alone; that divine essence which alone can give eternity to lovers' vows. Oh! to be loved for one's outward beauty, the delicate moulding of this transient clay, what a soulless, earthly passion must it be!'

The reader will discover by this little out-burst, that aunt Hannah had cherished a very healthful idea, till it had become a monomania with her. Some young ladies have been so intolerably vain of their persons as to neglect entirely the cultivation of their mind. This being a thing impossible with the elder Miss Mitford, she affected a supreme contempt of 'this mortal coil,' and only deemed the spiritual and intangible part of our nature worthy of our consideration. She would

make love an abstraction with which the senses have nothing to do. In short, she would carry her reform to the last limit of absurdity, and never dreamed that

'TRUTH, as of old, still loves a golden mean,
And shuns extremes to walk erect between.'

If this maiden lady had survived this age of spiritualism, she would have sighed for a union with the spirit of some departed bard, and have wedded Earnest to a medium. If she had been content to foster her one idea alone, it might have been well. But the thought of her gentle niece becoming a believer in these abominable love-metaphysics, was quite too bad. Earnest still could not help remembering how Frank Merryfield had praised her beauty once, and held her delicate hand in his. And she could not quite forget that at his last visit he had dared to kiss her tempting lips, and that in her heart she had forgiven him ere the blush had faded from her cheek. And it was not till she confided these little incidents to her worthy aunt, that she supposed Mr. Merryfield such a base fellow as this spiritual lady at once pronounced him. Thus was Earnest bound to report on all her suitors, and thus would she receive her aunt's commentary and disapproval.

Poor girl! she shed many tears, and ventured some supplications before she consented to tell Frank Merryfield that, for the future, he must discontinue his visits. Well, on the whole, it was not strange. Frank was her first and only love.

But at length there came a man of mind, one who could adore mind, wed mind; in short, one who was capable of a 'spirit-love.'

Vesperian Belleletters, Esq., was an individual whom the world would know to be a man of taste, intellect, and imagination. In figure he was gaunt and tall; indeed, *spiritually* thin. His features were all sharp and angular, and complexion very pallid. His dark eyes rolled incessantly, without even seeming to see any thing; and there was a nervous twitching to the mouth quite unaccountable. His long matted hair was brushed back of the ears, and his beard was neither shaven nor shorn. There was nothing peculiar about his dress; it was of a rusty black, and rather at loose ends. We should also mention that he wore a choking amount of satin cravat, *à la* Tom Moore, which more than compensated for the absence of collar and clean dickey. His motions were all quick and impulsive, even *jerky*: indications, it is supposed, of his restless spirit.

How it fell out that Mr. Vesperian Belleletters heard of the literary weakness of the elder Miss Mitford, and how he made the acquaintance of her charming niece, the writer must not relate. Still, he would hint darkly that the facts are all in his possession.

But let the reader feel assured that all the formal rules of the strictest etiquette were observed, and Mr. Belleletters soon became the accepted suitor of Earnest. At least, he had received the full indorsement of her aunt, and her own consent was quite a matter of course.

Vesperian's indifference to the palpable and visible, his total disregard of every thing which may appeal to the senses, showed that his strug-

gling spirit was like a bird confined. He pretended to know of Earnest's presence rather by psychological sympathy than any oracular proof. He was ready to swear he could not tell the color of her hair or the tinge of her cheek. Another might have observed that the former were of a dark liquid blue, and the latter of the hue of a newly-blown rose. Indeed, Earnest looked as fresh and fair as early apple-tree blossoms, as plump as a gooseberry, and seemed the very reverse of a *spirituelle*. Forgive these rustic comparisons, dear reader, for we were brought up in the country. In truth, she was such a sweet little body as might rejoice the eyes of any one but the spiritual Vesperian. He only received infinite delight in poring over Earnest's school-girl composition, and discovering, as he said, 'the tracings of her masculine mind.' Earnest, now in her eighteenth year, thought these exercises of hers were too sentimental, very silly, and quite stupid. And she was, therefore, somewhat surprised to hear her intellectual (?) lover say they were characterized by 'profundity of thought, facility of expression, and richness of imagery.' Still, he was a literary connoisseur, and who knew so well as he? But Mr. Belleletter's favorite theme, while in the company of Earnest, was a manuscript of his, on which he had exhausted the whole concentrated energy of a life-time. This precious production was entitled, '*Spirit Communion, or, the Secret of Platonic Love,*' and was nearly ready for the press. This great work, according to his prophecy, would not only redound to the author's eternal fame, but should effect such marvellous changes in society, that the first edition would spiritualize the whole world! One evening Earnest innocently asked him why he did not publish it immediately? In answer, Mr. Belleletters sprung from the sofa, and pacing up and down the room before his fair interrogator, with a highly melo-dramatic air, he began talking away down his throat like a stage-villain:

'Dost thou ask that, Earnest? Ask, rather, why genius is not appreciated in this material age! Tell me why poets starve and pill-makers grow rich! Why is an artisan in robes and an author in rags? Answer me, Earnest! Is it not because men have a care for their vile bodies, and the material vanities of the world? Is it so, or is it not? They ignore the mind, that immaculate emanation which — Do they, or do they not? Think of it, Earnest! I was spurned from the publishing-house of Puffer and Blower, because, forsooth, my work had a metaphysical title! And because I've not the paltry sum of seven hundred dollars to pay for a first edition, the world must remain in ignorance! *O tempora! O mores!* S-e-v-e-n hundred dollars! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!'

Vesperian's speech here sunk to a gurgle, and he dropped down again on the sofa quite exhausted. Earnest ran to loosen his voluminous cravat; and just at this moment the elder Miss Mitford, who had been listening to these heroics at the key-hole of the parlor-door, rushed precipitately into the room.

With a manner that would have done honor to a Lady Macbeth, she exclaimed: 'O happy moment of my life! Vesperian, arise! thy genius shall at last be unfettered! Know thou it shall be mine to help

unfurl the ethereal banner of 'spirit-communion !' To thee, indeed, may Earnest wed, and learn to mingle soul with soul ! This very eve, from out the myriad throng select some star to be thy future home ! The world, Vesperian, shall no longer pine, but love Platonic reign ! Think to crush thee for thy dearth of means ! Shameless ! shameless ! shameless !'

Mr. Belleletters had arisen at command, and listened to this little extravaganza in mute silence, his arms folded convulsively upon his breast. The elder Miss Mitford finished her discourse and returned his gaze with equal passiveness. The writer has no doubt that at this breathless moment their spirits met and mingled directly under the chandelier which was pendent between them. Miss Hannah Mitford then left the scene, and in a few moments returned again, bearing in her hand a slip of paper, about eight inches by three in size. It was her check on the Merchants' Bank for seven hundred dollars. She handed it to Vesperian, and merely said : ' Give thy book to the world.' He took the paper, and with a sublime indifference answered : ' For the *world's* sake, not *mine*, be it received.' Earnest all this while had been a quiet spectator of this scene of heavy tragedy. The simple girl was perhaps wondering what her aunt meant by having ' a star for their future home,' when she had always dreamed of having a residence up the Hudson.

It was late that night when the spirit-lover took his soiled hat to depart. His last words were : ' Not till my book appears, can you know me as I am : adieu !'

Although it may be a great disappointment to the reader, the duty of a true historian compels us to say that after the little financial occurrence related above, Mr. Vesperian Belleletters was never again seen in the Mitford mansion. As to his real fate, little is known. The evidence of the paying-teller of the Merchants' Bank is conclusive as to the fact of his not having been assassinated on the night of his last adieu.

He identified the bearer of the check beyond all doubt. The publishing house of Puffer and Blower can also make affidavit that they never received application to issue any such work as ' Spirit-Communion, or the Secret of Platonic Love.' Stories soon went abroad that he was an impostor, that his character was assumed. Some said he was a strolling play-actor : others that he was a reporter of the *Herald*. But these slanders were no doubt circulated by some of Earnest's rejected suitors. There was one report about his having a wife in Baltimore, which we positively refuse to mention. It is somewhat strange, however, that Earnest never went into mourning at the supposed demise of her spirit-lover ; and that three months afterward, Frank Merryfield renewed his attentions with evident signs of success.

In what dark hour the spirit of Vesperian Belleletters sought its ' star' — who can tell ? That he may have lived out that seven hundred dollars during the hot weather of the succeeding July at Saratoga — who will blab ? Not we ! not we !

D E A T H O F A U T U M N .

BY GEORGE H. THURSTON.

I.

SPENT, bare, and haggard, Autumn dying lies,
Stretched at the threshold of young Winter's door:
Her mantle faded, all its gorgeous dyes
In dusty fragments strewn the black fields o'er.

II.

For loss of Autumn's kindly smiles the air, forlorn,
By misty tears its sorrow for her death betrays:
And clad in gray the sky mourns 'bove her form,
Who queenly wore October's purple haze.

III.

Bleak, black, and desolate, the disrobed hills
Lift mournful foreheads to the cold gray sky;
While round them creeps a sad low wind which chills
The grieving air with Autumn's dying sigh.

IV.

Moved by her parting breath, the unleaved trees
Toss their bare arms and shake their discrowned heads:
While mourning prayers, the brooks tell o'er their beads
Upon the rounded pebbles of their beds.

V.

No fresh green blade, nor smiling flowret mocks
The melancholy faces of the fields,
As o'er all nature, save the stern-browed rocks,
A sadness for the death of Autumn steals.

VI.

Thus mourns great Nature for the fairest heir
Of four who filled the household of the year;
As brown-eyed Autumn, haggard, spent, and bare,
Upon young Winter's threshold finds her bier.

VII.

Still some few days, while yet her dying breath
Sighs 'mid the trees, the ghost of Autumn glides,
Where once she trod, a queen with golden hair,
In rivers down her mantle's crimson sides.

VIII.

When Winter marches to his ice-built throne,
From off his robe drops Autumn's snow-white shroud,
And freezes sorrowing nature into stone,
With frosty breath of many an Arctic cloud.

SOUVENIRS OF SAUNTERINGS.

ACROSS THE GREEN MOUNTAINS AND DOWN THE CONNECTICUT.

WHEN August with its delightful leisure came, I found myself with two intimate friends on board a steam-boat paddling on our watery path toward what some call 'The City of Domes,' while others enviously insist upon nicknaming it 'The City of Washbowls.'

After the usual enjoyment of the scenery, and of the leaping sturgeons, destined in due time to be converted into 'Albany Beef,' and assimilated by

'Wild Albanians *not* kirtled to the knee,'

we reached the wharf in safety, got to land without getting pushed off the gang-plank, passed the night at a hotel, and in the early morning, with our knapsacks on our backs, stretched away toward Troy.

The modern Trojans on our arrival certainly showed that the spice of curiosity had not been forgotten in their composition. Open flew every window not already open, and eager gazers appeared at every breach. We heard ourselves designated by various appellations, and thus 'ran the gauntlet' through the city, until at length we emerged upon the quiet though dusty road. The modern Mount Ida, which we saw at the back of the town, seems not to be quite so well behaved as the good old 'many-fountained Ida,' so finely sung by Homer and by Tennyson; she has at least been guilty of one slip which crushed some shanties and their inmates who were sleeping in fancied security at her foot.

On reaching the battle-ground of Saratoga, we all three sat down in the corner of a 'Virginia-fence' to take a quiet look at this celebrated field of strife bounded by Bemus' Heights. Athwart the bright sunshine quick memory called up the quondam wearers of the 'Buff and Blue,' the stalwart 'sovereigns in their own right,' who, crowned with cocked hats, fought or fell for freedom and for fatherland. The clear-headed, able, and patient Schuyler, who prepared every thing; the blunt, bold Morgan, at the head of his death-dealing rifles; Seth Warner, with his 'Green-Mountain Boys;' Kosciusko, doing duty as an engineer, with many more beside; while among them moved what was then a brightness but is now a shadow of the darkest hue, whose memory is perpetual gloom—the traitor Arnold, who bore the wounds he won so gloriously upon this battle-field under the uniform of a British general, the paltry price that was paid him for his soul, and, after fighting here so manfully beside his brethren, turned like a wolf to batten on their bones.

As we sat thus musing on, and talking of, the battle-field before us, a gay party of young men and young women passed by upon their prancing steeds, the latter with flowing veils, bright eyes, and gay laughter, that seemed to mock at death, and their companions with strong frames and gallant bearing, as if they never could brook to think

upon the bier. Yet frames as strongly built as theirs were once piled up upon each other beneath the sod out there, and eyes as bright and cheeks as red grew dim, and faded when the sad list of those who fell in that great battle came to their quiet homes.

Pushing on to Stillwater, we got some dinner at a sort of half-tavern half private-house, kept by a buxom dame, 'fair, fat, and forty,' who pointed out to us 'The Field of the Grounded Arms,' and showed us oxydized bullets and rusty ram-rods, undoubted relics from the field of strife.

At Sandy Hill, where still flits the shade of the murdered Miss McCrea, and where still lingers the sad memory of her fond lover who grew crazy, and so died for her sake, I felt the unromantic need of a shoemaker, for my sole had proved too thin to travel well the occasionally rocky roads of this rugged world; and, seeking out the nearest votary of St. Crispin, I requested him to put a new half-sole upon each shoe, so as to have sufficient resistance at the ball of the foot, and yet preserve the elastic bend of what shoe-makers call the shank. After having fortified my body with dinner, I returned to him who was to fortify my sole, and over-heard him, as I approached, 'holding forth' to another man with complacent superiority on the curiousness of 'city folks,' who, for a mere notion, paid for having a half-sole put upon shoes that were nearly new.

At our next sleeping-place I forgot my watch on rising in the morning, recollecting it only when we were some three miles away. There was, then, no remedy but to walk back and get it, and one of the severest sermons on forgetfulness I ever underwent, was preached to me while I tramped over those six miles, by little crabbed, crusty Conscience. My two friends on this, as on many other occasions, (we have travelled together hundreds of miles on foot,) showed themselves to be thorough gentlemen, for there was not the slightest approach to any sharp remark in spite of the tedious delay.

Caldwell's at length received us, and the well-wooded shores of Lake George. How beautiful is the Horicon! How lovely is St. Sacrament! Transparent waters, with the white-ribbed sand lying there far down below; high hills clothed with tall pines from wave-washed base to breezy summit, some hunter's cabin half-way up, and on the seldom-visited ridge the mid-day lair of the dun deer; clear, full-voiced echoes among the mountains, that send back with startling distinctness the sharp crack of the rifle in the freshness of the dewy morning, or the soft notes of the bugle at that witching hour when the lake's pale cheek is deeply suffused with its warm sun-set blushes. What brighter or what purer home could Naiad or could Oread wish, to wile away their winsome lives in, wooed by the wandering breezes, caressing the curled waters, or sporting with the minnows in the mountain brook?

But hush! Even while I write,* the rapid rumor flies through all the land of a steamer burned upon the lake, and of many souls called suddenly to quit their frail, frail tenements of clay. If there be bright creatures that dwell in and have power over the elements, why could

* August, 1856.

they not save the fair, the wise, the good, the bright boy, and the mother that he clung to, from a sudden death so full of horror and dismay? Alas! they are victims of the same dread destiny that crushes us beneath its chariot-wheels; or rather children of the same inscrutable Providence, whose wise hand has woven into the web of our lives these mingled threads of sorrow and of joy.

Nor if, as some believe, the spirits of the dead still love to linger around the place of death, shall these sad-gliding ghosts flit unaccompanied over the pale waves beneath the moon. More than a hundred women butchered by the ruthless savages at the surrender of the fort upon the southern shores, (shame to Montcalm! that let them do it, and stood idly by,) have lent the same sad interest to the scene. Over these waters, also, the young, the gallant, the lamented Howe, with sixteen thousand at his back, swept onward to his death; and many a scattered partisan in those old border-wars, found here at once his death-shot and his grave; while, from the shadowy realms of romance, Hawk-eye, Chingachgook, and Uncas, glide out upon the lake in their light bark-canoe, and dip their paddles in the clear translucent flood.

The little steam-boat conveyed us safely from Caldwell's to the outlet of the lake, where we stood for some time to enjoy the leaping foam, and then placed ourselves in an old scow to be transported over the pale waters of Lake Champlain into world-renowned Yankeedom. On we went, along an ordinary country-road, bordered by tolerable farms, until we reached the base of the Green Mountains, which, thickly-wooded to the summit, well deserve their name.

We started to go up the mountain so early in the morning that we could not command a breakfast, but trusted to a widow who was said to live in a small house a short distance up the mountain, for that very necessary article. The keen morning air and the up-hill work had made us all 'sharp-set,' so that when we reached the widow's extremely modest mansion, we were well prepared to do justice to the homeliest fare; but imagine our dismay when we were treated to a doleful account of dire disasters that, even in our model republic, will happen to cows, and ovens, proving the pathetic preface to a still more doleful dish of thin sour milk, to wash down some half-baked, soggy bread. I have encountered some hard eating in my time, but I really think that a pet porker would have turned up his nose at such a breakfast; or if he did get along with the milk, he would be tolerably sure to stick, as my teeth did, at the bread. Nevertheless, such was all the 'lone widow' could give us, so we forced down enough to keep the gastric juice from gnawing our ribs, and then 'set our faces like flint' toward the top of the mountain.

A mountain-top usually implies a view. Here, however, the case was different. We found ourselves at the foot of trees that rose up from fifty to eighty feet above us, so that we were completely shut out, or rather shut in, and a council of war was held at the base of one of these aspiring vegetables. Climbing a tree is excellent exercise, but swarming up a stout trunk immediately after overcoming a mountain, especially with a reasonable doubt hanging about you as to whether you will see any thing when you get to the top, is a pleasure rather too com-

plicated for common constitutions ; so we contented ourselves with admiring a square rock adorned with half-a-dozen different kinds of moss, some long and trailing gracefully down, and studded with spurs an inch in length ; others short, but tipped with bright scarlet that lent a new brilliancy to the different tints of gray around them, forming a mass of rich yet subdued coloring that was very, very grateful to the eye, and all this where human foot-steps rarely trod, and on a rock that human eyes but seldom glanced at.

How touching is the idea of the old architects who carved with care the most out-of-the-way corners 'because God sees everywhere,' and thus higher orders of beings than ourselves may well enjoy what our eyes never look upon ; or, as glorious old John Milton so tunefully has sung :

'MILLIONS of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep ;
All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
Both day and night.'

Is it not possible, also, that the flower, blushing unseen, has thrills of pleasure in its bright existence ? That the tree, rising up in the green glory of its strength, and wrestling with the winds, feels something of the exultation of the surf-bather, as he braces himself anew and bides the buffets of the billows ; nay that the modest moss that adorns the rugged surface of the rock is sufficiently superior to it in the scale of existence, to feel the exuberance of youth, the quiet enjoyment of sun and air, and the gradual but sure decay of all its powers ?

With such musings we wound down the mountain's side into the valley of White River, that pours its tributary silver into the larger treasury of the Connecticut. How secluded, and how beautiful in their seclusion are those green valleys of New-England ! In this one it really seemed as if some mighty hand had scooped out the green earth so as to leave gigantic terraces where man might dwell, and at the bottom of them all was the bed of the stream that never slept in

'The paradise he made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages.'

We were seated one evening after a hearty pedestrian supper, in front of a small tavern near the bank of the stream that brawled incessantly below. The air was pleasantly cool, and all within view was flooded with the silver light that streamed so generously down from the fair moon, that bright but lonely wanderer of the sky. How beautiful she was that night ! How like a sphere of freshly-molten silver, purified from every taint of dross, she hung in the clear blue vault above ! Nature has her witching hours when her gentle influence irrigates all our limbs, and lulls all passions to repose. The fierce pursuit of the almighty dollar is suspended, sad grief is soothed, red revenge closes his blood-shot eyes, and all the smaller, meaner passions of the soul fade away like mist-shrouded minions of the night before the calm light of reason, as she resumes her seat upon that golden throne from which they sometimes thrust her.

One feels again the pure-heartedness of childhood, and is lifted high

above this daily strife in which we all more or less forget ourselves. The heart, the soul, the mind, all our superior part, seems bathed and purified in a higher and a holier element, and, though the morrow may see us entering again upon the scene of strife, it is with a disposition less apt to strain against the bonds of justice, less apt to be persuaded into doubtful deeds, in short, less apt to soil in any way the fresh-washed garments of our souls.

On this occasion I was not allowed to wait until the morrow to be brought down from this 'commercing with the skies.'

While I was thus 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies,' some young men of the place were engaged in village gossip near me, which fell unheeded on my preoccupied ear until the following story, with its rustic mirth, broke through the thicket of my thoughts, and curled the lake-like calmness of my brooding spirit with its rippling laughter.

'I say, Bill! you know that old maid that lives there at Smith's?'

'Yes.'

'Well they've got a cosset ram, an' he's gittin' more'n more savage every day. Well, t' other mornin' th' ol' maid went out to take in some clothes off the line, an' she did n't pay no attention to the young ram, an' jist as she was reachin' up, he come butt right agin' her legs, an' down she went; an' when she picked herself up, there she seen him makin' ready for another start. 'Twan't no use goin' to the gate, so she made for a hole in the hedge, but afore she got there he downed her ag'in; so she picked herself up ag'in mighty skeart, an' crawled on her hands an' knees to the gap, while the ram went back to git a good start; and jist as she got her head an' shoulders into the gap so that the rest of her offered a fair mark, he let drive, an' he hit true, too, for he helped her through that gap, I tell you, quicker'n wink.'

So I went to bed that night with mingled thoughts of moon-light and old maids, of cosset rams and heavenly calms, until soothing Somnus let down my lids to sleep.

Thus pleasantly we went on down the valley of White River, admiring the green meadows and the graceful elms, until we reached the river that gathers all the loose silver of the showers between the White Mountains and the Green. As no boats were to be had at the junction, we went five miles further down the stream, and, at a saw-mill, purchased for six dollars a small, flat-bottomed skiff, painted red, which we consequently baptized Red-Bird. Behold us then afloat! Those two tin pails under the rower's thwart hold our provisions for the day; good bread, with a small bowl of butter; boiled eggs; ham perhaps, or chicken, and, to crown all, a large apple pie, cut up and stowed away to await with calm platitude the decrees of voracious destiny.

We rowed with sculls held fast as usual by a swivel set in a hole in the gunwale. We could all manage an oar tolerably well, but the handles of these sculls over-lapped, and in our awkwardness, we were constantly knocking our knuckles, until practice taught us the trick of it. Our knapsacks we arranged in the bow and stern to recline upon. It was a pleasant revenge to make them bear us, after we had so long borne them. Each of us had half-an-hour to row, which gave an hour for lounging, arguing, reading, or enjoying scenery.

Our enjoyment was intense, and yet I find it difficult to describe. Starting early in the morning from some country tavern near the river, after eating a hearty breakfast, and cracking a few last jokes with the simple yet shrewd *Pagani* of the place, we carried our knapsacks, tin-pails, and sculls down to the boat, and, unlocking the trusty padlock, that by its resistance gave the tempted time to think, and so saved them from the sin of appropriation, we shoved the boat from shore with strong arms, light hearts, and well-replenished bread-baskets, and settled to our several stations as we glided out into the stream.

The fresh and balmy morning air, 'sweet-scented with the hay,' gave a divine lightness to our frames. The shadows of the trees upon the water vainly resisted the encroaching sun-shine, whose golden glory kept steadily advancing, as Jove to Danaë, upon the shining bosom of the stream. Sometimes, as we glided on, the bank was low, and through the Gothic arches of the bordering elms, we caught bright glimpses of the broad fields of standing grain, all ready for the 'cradle.' Sometimes the bank was high and wooded, and as the sun climbed higher up the sky, we hugged the shore and rowed on in the cool shade of over-arching trees. Oh! it was glorious, and at times our feelings, over-wrought, could find no other vent than a wild yell that startled, perhaps, some industrious farmer to the bank, who stood to gaze in sturdy wonder until the bending shores devoured us from his sight.

What pleasure these our poor neglected bodies can give us if we only treat them to a little pleasant exercise in the fresh air and sun-shine! They are the steeds our souls bestride, yet how sadly we neglect their grooming! How many keep them day after day in the stable, instead of trotting them out to stretch the muscles and keep the heart and brain in order! How many neglect to wash and curry them! How many wake up some fine morning utterly astonished to find that their animals can no longer carry them along life's roads with the same springy step and healthy action as before!

Then they rush to medicine, and, with a self-delusion that is perfectly refreshing, and seems gifted with perpetual verdure, they expect the draught of a doctor to bring in an instant high health and rounded strength to bone and muscle, to heart and lungs, that have been horribly neglected month after month, and year after year, resolutely rejecting all the while those pleasant medicines which the great *Physician* has prescribed, His glorious sun-shine, His purifying water, and His balmy air, so far superior to all the balsams of the books.

We at least enjoyed them to the full, and not in homœopathic doses, until 'Dan Phœbus,' high climbing to the zenith, blazed burningly upon us. Then we peered into the nooks and coves to find some shady covert and some bubbling fountain, or little runlet, that with its trickling treasure, had 'just set out to meet the sea.' 'Tis found. We land; and then one builds a fire, a feat so much more easily performed now than in the 'matchless days of old;' another arranges seats and brings the frying-pan, while a third has the boat out in the stream, anchored by a stone, and is using those crooked persuasives wherewith men induce the little subjects of the great River-gods, leaving their lower element, to come and be of us.

The fire has furnished a fine bed of coals ; a ' nice mess of fish ' is brought to shore ; they are cleaned, and washed, and passed to Doc., who, with his handkerchief twisted artistically around his head, presides with talent and with taste at the savoury sacrifice. Methinks I see him now taking the nice new snuff-box that held our salt (we could find nothing nearer the mark in the country store wherein we did our shopping) and, with judicious pinch, sprinkling the slender shiners and the broad sun-fish with the crisp little snow-white crystals. Then when all was ready, how like gallant Ghebers we gathered round to worship the spirit of fire in its workings, each with his faithful jack-knife in his hand, and the top of a tin-pail, or a freshly-washed piece of board for a plate. As to the rest our meal answered to that old, brief, quaint and true description of a banquet which I first heard in Italy :

'PRIMUM silentium.
Tum stridor dentium.
Tum clamor gentium ; '*

for our banquet was usually interspersed with and ended by ' quips and cranks ' and ' bullets of the brain,' with perhaps a pleasant song from Doc., who *did* sing in those days, though he has since waxed uxorious and paternal, so that his tuneful pipes are clogged with happiness, and his symphonies have subsided into a son.

Thus pleasantly we spent our noon-day rest, and after some two hours devoted to dinner and digestion, we ' caught up ' and stowed away. He whose turn it was to row, settled himself down into his seat. He whose turn was in the bow, shoved off the boat, as he sprang lightly to his post, and we were off once more. Sometimes the channel took a sudden sheer, so that keeping on a straight course we ran aground. Then the unfortunate or careless ' look-out ' in the bow must first get out and try to shove her off ; if that did not suffice, the luxurious loungee at the stern must tumble out ; and sometimes, even the industrious and self-sacrificing rower must sacrifice himself still more, and lingeringly leave his dry seat for wet wading. With pulling and with pushing we got the boat once more afloat and then tumbled in to be carried, perchance, by the capricious stream close beneath some bushy bank where the branches stood ready to scrape off our hats, or us, according to their strength. Sometimes we came to the stretch of smooth water that precedes a dam, and as there is there of course no current to help along, every foot had to be won by the tough ash.

One of these lake-like expansions of the river I shall never forget. A sun-set, such as are so justly the glory of our climate, had, for some time, been tinging the white clouds with a delicate rose color, and we had been admiring the light beneath the leaves on either bank, where the brightest green and gold seemed striving for the mastery. The color of the clouds above kept deepening, and charm after charm was

* First, silence.
Then, noise of teeth.
Then, clamor of people.

Or as it might be condensed :
First, quiet.
Then, diet.
Then, riot.

added to the landscape, when suddenly we turned a sharp bend of the stream, and such a scene of gorgeous splendour was vouchsafed our eyes as seldom, in this life at least, shines on a man to quicken his pulses and thrill his heart with pleasure.

Before us spread the river in a broad lake, whose surface, unruffled by any breeze, unrippled by any current, formed a polished mirror, in which the bordering bushes and the tallest trees that grew upon the banks were reflected in minute perfection down to the top-most leaf. The unreal was just as bright and perfect as the real, so that it was impossible to trace the dividing line between them. The sky was full of sun-set clouds, all perfectly reflected in the stream, so that our little bark seemed to have left the world and to be gliding into a rosy paradise, girt with a verdurous wall of foliage, fit only for unsullied angels fresh from the PRESENCE, or for that first pair that in their naked innocence walked in the garden with their God. The rower stopped his rowing and murmured exclamations of delight that alone broke the silent glory of the scene. It was my turn in the bow and nothing was before me to break the illusion :

‘Boys, this is heavenly ! Glorious ! Magnificent !’

And thus we sat, absorbed in admiration, uttering occasionally some superlative, while thrill after thrill passed through us, until the descending sun began gently to withdraw his light and the glittering landscape to fade before our eyes. Then once more our boat sprang forward to seek a shelter for the night, but faithful memory treasured up this heavenly vision, and often since, in the bright day-time, or the darkness of the night, has it risen again before me to renew my pleasure and prove the truth of the poet when he tells us :

‘A thing of beauty is a joy forever.’

One other scene, I recollect, that formed a most decided contrast to all this. An easterly storm had been brewing, and we had been rowing doggedly on all day under a dull gray sky. A raw, suicide-prompting east wind had been blowing and we all felt its depressing influence. Night was coming on and we were anxious to know how many miles we had still to row to reach a friendly tavern. Seeing the roof of a house at some distance from the river, we turned the boat to land and I jumped ashore to pick up some crumbs of knowledge. The land was sandy and destitute of trees, a bare, bleak waste, and the walking through the heavy sand about as discouraging as I ever experienced. Clambering over two fences and crossing a road, I reached the front of the house and knocked at the front-door. No one answered. Looking more closely at the house, I saw that some of the windows had broken panes, and the whole front showed strong evidences of neglect. I knocked again, still more loudly than before, so that my blows rang with a hollow sound through the whole house. No answer came. I heard no foot-step. A death-like stillness pervaded every thing, save occasionally the low moaning sigh of the raw wind, that seemed more dismal with the creeping darkness of the night. I felt an uneasy feeling coming over me, but resolutely shook it off, and passing through a dilapidated gate I crossed the garden where weeds as tall as the few

flower-bushes that were left, told their sad story of neglect, and reached the back of the house. Then at last I understood it all. The house was utterly untenanted and the roof had partly fallen in. The door, wide open, no longer guarded the sacredness of home. The intensest desolation reigned around. Never, save at the death of a relative or a friend, do I remember to have been so full of sadness. An old homestead abandoned to the demon of decay; the family perhaps extinct; the last scion dead. Crime, perhaps, had caused this desolation, and with the thought there came a creeping horror mingling with the load of sadness that weighed upon me, which I endeavored, but vainly, to get rid of. So, turning quickly around, I crossed the garden and the road, and clambering over the fences, made a straight line for the boat. I turned occasionally, I must confess, to look behind me, and once as I did so, saw a wagon with two men in it moving along the sandy road. I shouted lustily at them to get the desired information, but they paid no heed to all my shouts, as if they did not hear me, through the wind was blowing from me to them. They moved noiselessly and steadily onward, like figures in a dream, leaving me so full of superstitious fears that even when I reached my comrades they seemed, as they stood by the boat in relief against the gray sky, like weird figures on some lone and ghostly strand. Their voices, however, reassured me, and I felt relieved of a leaden weight as we pushed off from that dreary and desolate shore.

Are all such feelings merely the legitimate effect of such weather upon the nervous system, or are there times and seasons when the 'Prince of the powers of the air' has his bands loosed a little to try the armor of the sons of men?

In our intercourse with the 'natives of these regions' we sometimes met with interesting traits.

While we were sitting one evening in the bar-room of a tavern, curbing our impatient appetites until supper should be cooked, a man entered, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up to his elbows, a short piece of two-inch plank under his left arm, and in his right hand the upper part of a new fiddle. After saying good evening to him, the landlord asked: 'What are you going to do with that piece of plank?'

'Why, you see I'm making myself a fiddle. I've got the upper crust here made, and I'm taking home this piece of hemlock plank to make the under crust.'

'Is hemlock good for that?'

'Yes, *Sir*! first rate.'

I took 'the upper crust' from his hand to look at it, and was surprised to see how beautiful and smoothly made it was. He staid to talk a little while and we found him a very intelligent man. In the course of conversation he invited us to come to his house to see a cave, and we promised to do so. Next morning, following the landlord's directions, we reached the house, and getting a candle and some matches, our new-found friend explored with us the cave. It was not very astonishing, being formed by the over-lapping of the stratified rock, so that there was much crawling and no standing up. It might have answered to Putnamize a wolf, but not much more. Far more worthy of

regard was this plain, unpretending, but thoroughly intelligent farmer, who, when he wanted a fiddle, took a piece of plank and made one; and whose house and farm showed everywhere such cleanliness, thrift, and calm comfort. Of such a class any country might well be proud.

As we were approaching Brattleboro, one of our trio, more impatient than the rest, said: 'Now we have not made thirty miles any one day, and this afternoon we must get on to Brattleboro.' Such questions were always decided in council and the majority of course carried the day. On this occasion, however, our friend, whose college nick-name was *Il Penseroso*, very irreverently shortened into *Pense*, was so anxious to make the thirty miles that we yielded the point and agreed to push on, even though we should have to become 'borrowers of the night for a dark hour or twain.' Doc. and I rowed steadily, bantering *Pense* about his anxiety to get on; he, however, tugged fiercely when it came his turn, until about eight o'clock, at which time some faint remains of day-light were still lingering in the sky, and having missed the channel in our haste, we were pulling over a piece of rocky bottom, covered by about two feet of water, to regain it, when the blade of one of the sculls caught in a crevice of the rock just as he was laying out his strength upon it, and, though of tough ash, snapped short off near the swivel. Using one of the seats as a paddle, we made our way diagonally across the stream, approaching the other bank, where it formed a bluff a little back from the river, on top of which we saw against the sky the figure of a man.

'How far to Brattleboro?'

'Well, it's some distance yet, and before you get there you've got to pass by Lovell's rocks, and that's rather a ticklish place.'

'Do n't you think we could get through?'

'Well yes, you might, but you'd have to look sharp.'

By this time our 'bluff' friend had come down to the bank, so that we could converse more at our ease. He was the ferryman of the wire-ferry, the wire of which stretching over our heads had helped to guide us to the shore. His hair was snow-white, and his head so finely shaped that it reminded me strongly of some of the best of Julien's '*Etudes à deux crayons*.'

It was now tolerably dark, and the idea of going down an unknown river among unknown rocks was not very pleasant to contemplate. *Pense* yielded reluctantly to 'the force of circumstances,' and on asking our old friend if there were a house near that could afford us food and shelter, he said:

'Well, I reckon we can give you a bed.'

Padlocking the boat and taking out our scull and a half, we followed the old man with our 'impedimenta.' Entertaining us with varied converse, he guided us up the path and along the level to his cottage, like a second *Philemon* as he was, though neither of us could claim to be *Jupiter* or '*Atlas*' grand-son with his wings put off.* All was still within the house, for it was now dark, but with the pleasant darkness of a summer evening when the light so lingeringly leaves the sky where it has revelled through the day in all the glorious brightness of its power.

* *ATLANTIADÉS, positis caducifer alis.*

The fowls had gone to sleep and the simple dwellers of the little cottage had followed their example. We were hungry, it is true, but we did not wish the old man to disturb any one merely to get us supper. He insisted, however, and a pleasant, old-womanish voice answered most promptly to his call. The door of the inner room was partly opened and a head covered with a night-cap thrust out to reconnoitre, showing by the light of a tallow candle a wrinkled but pleasant face, evidently of one just fitted to play the part of Baucis to our friend Philemon. In that house their hands had in their youthful years, perhaps, been joined and in that house, perhaps, had they grown old together.* Again we protested, but in vain, and soon friend Baucis re-appearing in a plain dress of dark calico, her cap off, and her hair of alternating black and gray, carefully smoothed, set before us bread, butter, cheese, and milk, her homely, wholesome fare. While we were eating, Baucis prepared us where withal to sleep, and as I drew over me the fragrant coverlid, I exclaimed with genial Horace, quaintly translated by old Cotton :

'HAPPY 's that man that is from city care
Sequestered as the ancients were;
That with his own oxen ploughs his father's lands,
Untainted with usurious bands:
That from alarms of war in quiet sleeps;
Nor 's frightened with the raging deeps:
That shuns litigious law, and the proud state
Of his more potent neighbor's gate.
Therefore, he either is employed to join
The poplar to the sprouting vine,
Pruning luxurious branches, grafting some
More hopeful offspring in their room:
Or else his sight in humble valleys feasts
With scattered troops of lowing beasts:
Or refined honey in fine vessels keeps;
Or shears his snowy tender sheep:
Or, when Autumnus shows his fruitful head
In the mellow fields with apples covered,
How he delights to pluck the grafted pear
And grapes, whose cheeks do purple wear!

But when cold winter does the storms prepare,
And snow of thundering JUPITER;
Then with his dogs the furious boar he foils,
Compelled into objected toils:
Or on the forks extends his meshy net
For greedy thrushes a deceit.
The fearful hare, too, and the stranger crane
With gins he takes, a pleasant gain.
Who but with such diversions would remove
All the malignant cares of love
—, if to these he have a modest spouse
To nurse his children, keep his house,
Such as the Sabine women, or the tanned
Wife of the painful Apulian,
To make a good fire of dry wood, when come
From his hard labor weary home:
The wanton cattle in their booths to tie,
Stripping their straddling udders dry,
Drawing the must from forth the cleanly vats,
To wash down their unpurchased cates.

* ILLA sunt annis juncti juvenilibus, illā
Consuetere casā.

So soundly did we sleep that, ere our eyes unlidded, the summer sun had been two hours on duty, gilding profusely with his floods of gold the green garments of the earth; and on arising, we found that Baucis and her little hand-maid had been up betimes; for a plain hot breakfast, made savory by our savage appetites, gave us its smoking welcome. The little hand-maid was silently attentive to us, and Baucis moved to-and-fro with motherly care. It is pleasant to look at such old women; their quiet ways and gentle foot-steps disturb no one and give a home feeling that warms the heart, while their mild eyes, that have looked on so many scenes of sorrow and of joy, tranquilize the spirit, as those of 'Mary Mother' were wont (so it is said) to do.

After breakfast we went out before the door and saw, to our amazement, that Philemon had actually taken our broken 'scull,' got the iron swivel out of it, made a new scull out of a stout limb of a willow-tree, and riveted the swivel fast to it. To do all this he must have risen at the earliest dawn and have worked smartly every moment since. On looking at our new scull we were of course highly delighted at this very successful wholesale *trepanning*. As soon as it was smoothed off so as to be in tolerable working condition, we asked Philemon what we had to pay. Straightening up and looking at us, he laid the palm of his right hand upon the back of his head and stroking down the silver hairs, said:

'Well, 't aint right to grind the faccs o' the unfortunate; I guess two shillins 'll do.'

'You mean two shillings for each of us.'

'No, two shillins for the whole.'

'Oh! no, that won't do. Just consider. We have had supper for three, lodging for three, breakfast for three, and a new oar.'

At last we prevailed on him to accept two shillings for each of us, and left him with many thanks. Such Arcadian simplicity in the heart of Yankee-land was indeed refreshing, prompting us to exclaim with Ariosto:

Oh! gran bontà de' cavalieri antiqui!*

and for a long time after 't aint right to grind the faces of the unfortunate' was a well-worn by-word with us.

When we came to Bellows Falls it was necessary to get our boat around them in some way or another. As good luck would have it, a painter hove in sight, pushing before him the short frame on two wheels which house-painters use to carry their long ladders on. A bargain was soon struck with the possessor of this machine, who engaged to 'tote' our boat right through the village and launch her safely on the other side. He did so, and we followed on behind in sober march with feelings, I imagine, much akin to those of dismounted dragoons. I mention the arrangement for the benefit of future 'voyageurs.'

At Northampton, staying over for a day, we saw from the top of Mount Holyoke a long bend of the river, the troublesome navigation of which might be avoided if one could only drag our flat-bottomed skiff over a narrow neck of land. We marked the spot where the neck was

* On! the great goodness of the *men* of old.

narrowest, and on reaching it next morning, ran the boat ashore, took out the baggage, and putting our strength upon the chain, soon slid her over the grass and launched her once more in her adopted element. Singularly enough, the next spring there came a strong freshet which cut across exactly in the track of our boat, thus making a new channel for the stream, which still exists.

At Hadley we left the river, arriving there just at dark, and were aided in finding a place to secure Red-Bird, as well as escorted to the tavern by a polite Yankee-boy of some sixteen years of age. Though in a round jacket, and plainly dressed, he displayed, during the short time that we saw him, all the ease and grace that mark the highest polish. Pleasant tones, graceful gestures, thoughtful kindness, all were there without any primness or affectation. Was he indeed of highly polished parents, or was he one of those singular instances one sometimes meets of innate good breeding, founded on a finer organization, kept up and improved by a clear appreciation of 'the fitness of things?' I know not; for, after conducting us to the tavern, receiving our thanks with the graceful ease of a courtier, and bidding us a pleasant 'good night,' he disappeared in the darkness and we saw him no more.

In the morning, while 'settling' with the landlord, we tried to get him to allow us a fair price for our boat. To understand this scene, you must imagine the bar-room of a Yankee tavern, with the stout landlord behind the bar among his embottled Lares and Penates; some morning-loungers, mostly 'in their shirt sleeves,' leaning in various attitudes, or sitting on chairs tilted up against the wall. Among the latter was an old dried-up little man, with a pair of sharp eyes looking out from a face full of wrinkles, who soon took part in our conversation with the host. We had our knapsacks on our backs and were in a hurry to settle up and be off. The landlord was slow to understand the good qualities of Red-Bird, notwithstanding our eloquent enumeration of them, and the little old man, sitting all in a heap, with his heels tucked up on the rung of his chair, actually commenced a regular cross-examination of us, and continued it until I turned to him and said:

'Why so? Do you think we stole the boat?'

'Should n't wonder,' was the polite response. We burst out into a laugh of course, but the old man's visage retained all its Draconian severity and his mind remained,

'Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved.'

The weight of the public safety was pressing like a heavy burthen upon him, and he was not to be turned from his convictions by the light laugh of three suspected strangers.

The landlord allowed us a dollar for Red-Bird, saying that he had no use for it himself, but his girls might want to take a 'ride' down the river. We would much have preferred to have presented it to our polite young friend of the previous evening, but we did not know his name, and the landlord could not designate him from our description. We closed, therefore, with his offer, and so we parted from her. How much pleasure had been ours within her sloping sides! How often had the whole world been arranged and reárranged within her! What

argumentative battles had been fought by keen and practised disputants! And how the elastic ball of wit, urged by alternate hands, had flown to-and-fro, with hops, and skips, and most unexpected rebounds. We left her with regret, 'but so the fates decreed,' and our free footsteps pressed the pedestrian's path once more. Along well-kept roads and across the velvet sward of village-greens, girt with high arching elms and bowery willows, stopping for a moment on the top of every little hill to look down upon some thrifty farm, or some fresh scene of verdant glory, we reached at length the city of Hartford, so changed now from what it was in the days of Hooker and of Haynes.

A steam-boat carried us to the mouth of the river, and at the close of a fine summer day, emptied us into a full steamer that plied upon the Sound. No berths were to be had, so that we were apparently doomed to walk the deck all night. After a while, however, my two comrades found the loose corner of a spare sail, and stowed themselves away under its friendly shelter, lying close and making room for me also; but I did not wish to impose on their good-nature, and therefore turned once more to perambulate the moon-lit deck.

Observing an individual stretched out upon the planks, and enjoying a pillow in the shape of a large bag, I said to him:

'Neighbor, that bag looks as if it were large enough to hold two heads.'

'Oh! yes!' answered he with ready hospitality. 'Plenty of room.'

So, 'horizontalizing my corporosity,' I appropriated the unoccupied end, and stretched myself out on the opposite side of the bag; but soon, alas! too soon did I discover the reason why it had been so severely let alone, and why my friendly host soon after rose and left. The bag was full of raw potatoes, and each one of those obdurate subterraneans insisted upon making the most intimate personal acquaintance with the back of my neck and my head. While I was twisting and turning, and 'shifting oft my weary side,' a female figure stopped its perambulations near me and said something to me which I did not distinctly hear. Presuming that she was searching for her mislaid husband, I informed her, very regretfully of course, that I was not the happy man, and she immediately left me to enjoy my Spartan couch and rugged pillow.

Soon after, tired of such 'enjoyment,' I resumed my wanderings, studying the water and the sky, until the moon-light slowly gave place to day-light, and we neared the Empire City. We had left it in a steam-boat from the west side, and we now returned to it on the east. While approaching the wharf, we stood among the foremost of the sober-looking crowd, myself perhaps as sober as the rest, until my eye caught that of a model young sailor standing high up on the bulwarks of a tall ship, who was looking down upon us with a most amused countenance. Turning toward the faces of the crowd just awaked from sleep, and in the disarray of a hasty toilet, all staring intently at the dock-logs before us, I saw the reason of his smile, and shared the fun with him.

Soon, however, the gang-plank was put out, and, thronging through the narrow gang-way, we all scattered to our several homes, thus ending twenty days that I must ever consider among the happiest of my life.

J. M. M.

M Y S H A D O W H O U S E .

No hoard of pelf have I,
No ships, nor stores, nor lands,
I labor for my daily bread
With hard and honest hands;
And yet I own a nobler wealth
Than mines of golden sands.

Unmarked, the wheels roll round;
Unheard, the hammer swings;
My chainless fancy ever dwells
With more congenial things;
And over all the lovely earth,
Flieeth on flashing wings.

Come on some quiet day,
When o'er the rippling stream,
The sunlight and the shadows play
Like fancies through a dream;
And summer glories all around
In radiant clusters gleam.

Along the river's bank,
Up through a shaded lane,
Where graceful locusts stretch beside
Vast fields of golden grain;
And blossoms from the hawthorn hedge
Come down in fragrant rain;

Then down a gentle slope,
Across a crystal run,
Where in the earliest days of spring,
Sweet violets, one by one,
Open among the velvet moss
Their blue eyes to the sun;

Beyond the running brook,
A hundred rods or more,
And now we stand upon my land,
And at my cottage-door,
A fairy cottage white as snow,
With roses climbing o'er.

Three blithe and happy hearts
Fill the dear household band;
Love gilds our home through all its halls
With its celestial hand;
And Peace and Joy, unwearying guests,
Dwell in our Eden land.

Out through the stately trees,
You see the river run,
Now ruffled in the sweeping breeze,
Now glittering in the sun;
Now heaving high its mimic seas,
Scowling, convulsed, and dun.

Before my cottage door
A lawn of smoothest grass
Slopes downward to a little lake,
Whose water shines like glass;
And round its borders shrubs and flowers
Grow in a tangled mass.

Amid its limpid depths
In radiant cohorts glide
Ten thousand fishes, green and gold,
And many hues beside;
And he who dares to angle there,
May wo that wretch betide.

On yon old mossy log,
In golden August days,
Six black and mailed turtles sit,
And solemnly they gaze,
As up and down with drowsy swell
Their mossy palace sways.

Birds of a hundred hues,
My aviary stock;
And music, that poor caged things
May never hope to mock,
Through all its fragrant alleys rings,
From God's sweet chanting flock.

Their flashing pinions beat
Against no prison bars;
No wired, cramped, and cruel cage
Their glad disporting mars;
But through the leaves they glance and gleam,
Like wingéd, wandering stars.

The radiant sky its roof,
The velvet grass its floor,
Where sparkling waters, clear and sweet,
In glad profusion pour;
They may touch its ample bounds,
Although to Heaven they soar.

Soon as the golden day
Comes flashing o'er the hills,
Burst forth from tree, and bush, and spray,
Ten thousand chants and trills,
And till the evening sky is gray,
Their joy the valley fills.

Then comes the whip-poor-will,
That lone, mysterious wight,
Whose piercing, wild, and wailing cry,
Through all the solemn night,
Seems like the plaining of a soul
With awful sin bedight.

Thank God for noble trees!
How stately, strong, and grand,
These bannered giants lift their crests,
O'er all our beauteous land!
Palsied the arm that needless smites;
Withered the Vandal hand.

Look on yon glorious shaft!
That gorgeous crown of leaves!
That pine hath seen three hundred years,
Ripen like garnered sheaves;
Unshaken yet, his kingly spire
The crystal heaven cleaves.

Yon twain of gnarled oaks,
Keep watch above the graves,
Where bronzed and savage mourners came
To lay their stricken braves;
When o'er their ancient land first broke
The white man's bloody waves.

Lo! the grand gothic elms,
Like vast cathedral piles,
Look how through groined and graceful roof
The braided sunlight smiles;
While winds, with noble organ tones,
Roll through their rocking aisles.

Pull down your mortared piles,
Remodel or deface;
Mar as ye will, your own poor plans,
O fell destructive race!
But spare the *trees*, which ye *cannot*,
And *GOD will* not replace.

A broad piazza runs
All round my cottage walls,
Where sit we on long summer eves
Till slumber softly calls;
And mid-night counts the watching worlds
That light her sombre halls.

We see celestial moons
Invade the realms of stars,
Now, cutting through their shining ranks
Like golden scimitars;
Or calm and glorious riding high
In silver-curtained cars.

We watch the thunder kings
Marshal their legions dun,
And rush on fierce and rapid wings
Out on the mighty sun.
We hear the thunders of the strife,
We see the battle won.

From our serene retreat,
We mark the awful fray,
How like a glorious paladin,
Fights the bright king of day;
His golden shafts how keen and fleet
They rive the masses gray.

The mantle of the storm,
With tattered fringes streams,
By lightning fingers broideder o'er
With golden rays and gleams,
Whirled by the troops of rushing winds,
In hideous writhing seams.

But soon the demon ranks
 Are hurled in panic rout,
 And bursting through their shattered flanks,
 Their victor god shines out,
 While earth applauds the victory,
 With wild exulting shout.

The world is wondrous fair,
 O ye dull moping clods!
 Her suns and seas, her singing air,
 Her green and waving woods.
 Up! pluck the jewels from her hair,
 And stride her soil like gods.

For us the march of stars,
 For us the breezy tunes,
 For us pile up their flowery cars
 The fair and fragrant Junes;
 And earth with sister bands of worlds
 In hymns sublime communes.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

IN WHICH MACE ATTENDS AN UNDER-CRUST FREE-LOVE SOIREE.

WELL, my illustrious friends, here we are again. Not being one of your 'cute sort who write up to the pattern, or rather being a sort of smuggler's 'fence' in literature instead of a regular mercantile consignee, it is very likely that I don't work up to the Highstorical Rattorix according to Gunter, when I begin a fresh heat with such a slewtoration. For, as it just strikes me, we *ain't* here again altogether-some and in-a-lump-ically, by a double-headed jug-full. You, all of you, won't light on this chapter all in a minute and at the same place, and even if the companies would let me rush Sloper at you on the scan-mag-netic telegraph, there are a great many who could n't be hit before tea-time. Some of you won't preponderate over these Observations for a month to come, notwithstanding the publisher has been slinging a letter at me saying that he *must* have the 'copy' in hand, inside of ninety-six hours — a request which I (not being one of your 'cute sort) may-be don't understand, but which, as it stands, I'll be shot if I admire, seeing as I don't intend to copy what I'm going to send him from no book 'whatsomever,' but to write it all, as I have always done from the beginning, *out of my own head*. I know that the regular old hands in the literature business generally *do* copy a good deal (especially the poets) out of other books, and perhaps that's the way the printers got to thinking it was all hooked, whether it was or not, and so called it

'copy.' The fact is, since I took to authorising, I find that I learn something new every day.

Apowpow of which I remember once being in the printing-office of the *Bumblebug Ragstirrer and Dryjurnal Copper-Pot of Fine Arts, Politics, Music, Propriety, Religion, and the Ring*. While there I heard one man say to another: 'Jim, you've got a fat take!' Thinks I, 'here's a wrinkle to be had — let's look and see what a 'take' is.' And it was a *take* if there ever was one, and no mistake about it, for it was a piece cut from an original article in Mr. Dick Willis's *Musical World*, and which was being printed for an original leader in the *Ragstirrer*. It was being taken bodily and boned like a turkey. And so I learned why, when one editor takes an editorial from another, the pieces into which they cut it to print are called 'takes.' And the *Ragstirrer* man is n't the only editor I know of who has a taking way with him.

But all of this isn't what I was going on to say — which was that I and my readers ain't 'here again,' though Mace Sloper said so. Some of you may run your eyes against these lines in a month, some in six months, some in a year — *ger-acious*! — perhaps a hundred years from now, when the whole world will be changed into something rip-roariously cuntumbled out of its present shape, a few of these leaves will be read by some clever fellow who has discovered them in an old garret — if so be that any old garrets will still exist in that great mile-anyum age — and be spotted as one of the original specimens of Sloperism. What a man's once got down in type he *may* have down for hundreds of years to come — there's no getting it out — and when it's been sprinkled round as superpromiscuously as the KNICKERBOCKER is apt to be, from California to Calcutta and Canton, the idea is a scary one. Any way, if any good fellow, a century from now, ever *should* happen to turn over an odd leaf of Sloper, let him remember that Mace, if he *did* wear a stove-pipe black-shiny hat, and *was* accoutred generally in the antiquated rig of the great-great-grandfathers of 1856, and if he *did* talk in a queer old-fashioned style, and mighty bad of its kind at that, and noways up with the age, mean as the age was; and, finally, if he *was* a rumbunctious old turnip, generally speaking, he still was *one of 'em*, and right side up, whatever o'clock it was. And this at least is a great comfort to me; for I, for one, do n't believe that the world will ever get so old or so smart but what a brick will be a brick, *no matter when he lived*, and that though the correct style of illuminated owls are never over-plenty, yet that there'll always be a few left of the same sort to all eternity, who, whenever they turn Sloper out, will count him in. Certain sure it is, that Mace counts all his readers in on this line, and never calculates for an instant that there's one among 'em who is n't as good a fellow as ever swallowed an oyster or went a double-header without winking. Go it, my sons! you're all down on the free-list — 'dod rot the expense, says Deadhead!'

But to propel — people do turn up sometimes about as queer now-a-days as they can a hundred years before or behind time — and a sample of it came in my way no further ago than yesterday. And the grain of the split was this:

I had just dropped into the New-York Hotel to look up a rail-road man from Chicago, when, as I came out, I saw a not very extra-dressed, gray-haired, black-whiskered man of fifty, with a bad sudden sort of keen glance, always going from one side to another, as if his eyes were hyenas in cages, and always walking about uneasy from one corner to the other. But when any thing caught his eyes in front, they flashed right up, and puckered up too, under his gray old bushes of heavy eyebrows, as if he were chock full of mad, and suspicious that what he looked at was something to be plumb-lined and kept shy of.

When Mace Sloper catches looks of the 'who the devil are you?' sort, or the 'what rascality are you at?' kind, he always bluffs them down. Living as long as I've done in New-York, I ought to have more sense. But I have n't. A blower of an old foggy, who spreads in the English style, and gives me a hard old look, do n't generally take much that hand on *me*. In desperate cases I tip an awful wink; but whatever the case is, I believe that decent people will regulate their looks as much as their language — a rule which young puppies and old blackguards living at hotels would do well to lay to heart, and not suppose that every lady and gentlemen is to be looked at like a show, because they happen to sit at the same table.

Well, the fine-looking old buffer above described, went both eyes on me as we met, in the most disgusting style, and I reprospectualized back at him in a manner which he apparently discovered was mutually revolting, for he flung back his head as a millionaire merchant might do, if told by his errand-boy to 'dry-up!' and looked at me like boiled-down dunderblix.

'Old fellow!' thought I, 'a little nose-pulling and a small kick would be a good thing for your disorder!' For I must say that in all my life I never saw a human being show such symptoms of sass.

When all at once, Old Limberlicks dropped his constabulary deportment, and turning up his nose to heaven, as if very grateful for something that he did n't quite like the smell of, he cried with an accent that had more affectation in it than affection:

'Can I believe my eyes?'

'I do n't know,' says I; 'but on the whole I'm inclined to think you'd better not.'

'It is Sloper!' he cried. 'Sloper, the genius; Sloper, the remarkable man; the Sloper who — ah — has made his little fortin' by his own nobul indistry.'

'Dry up,' I answered. 'When did you 'scape from the Island?'

'O Sloper! — ha've you fergot your old fren' — he that boarded with ye at Mrs. Mackarel's — ha've you fergot Jorum Wytles?'

And by this time I begun to spot the subject, and remembered a long time before, when Mace was young in New-York, and had more hopes than dollars, and used to think that a dinner at Willard's or Bunker's was a high old blow-out to dream over — and in those days Mace resided at Mrs. Mackarel's, and there too resided Jorum Wytles, who was a sort of half-teacher, half-preacher, who professed to know short-hand, and was up to just as much legerdemain and 'only innocent' tricks with cards, and had so many stories to tell about the scandalorous way

he had been imposed upon by the world, that Mace Sloper, after three days' acquaintance, took to locking up his few small chattels at all times with the utmost accuracy. Nothing, however, ever turned up missing, except Mr. Wytles himself, who, after mysteriously receiving an immense number of calls from 'serious' looking folks, most of them women, and after holding a blest convention every night in his room, finally departed, leaving behind him a bill, paid by a brother of his flock, and the reputation of having founded a sect known as the 'Bobbers' — the said sect being reputed to hold views differing somewhat extensively from those held by Christians, and to go a great ways in fact in setting up the Rev. Mr. Wytles himself as a divinity.

I'm not one of your 'cute sort, but I had no trouble in squeezing Old Wytles out dry as a sponge. As a general rule, scamps that do n't hold more than he does, are easy emptied. It is queer, but it's a fact, that they always are uneasy to show themselves off in their true colors to some body. They have to pile the hypocrite on so strong among the faithful that it's a relief to them to blow off among the 'wicked;' and Wytles, who at once grabbed at me for a convert, could n't hold in his mean, spiteful contempt of human nature, and his dirty pride in being at home in humbug, though it was to any thing but his advantage. I found that since we parted he had run through all the isms of the last twenty years, not studying of 'em like a scholar, but just circling round the edge, and running 'em all to the ground out of hand in lectures and sermons, and exhibitions to make money. He had tried on phrenology and animal magnetology, and biology, homopathicology, terra-culture, the water-cure, physiomahogany, astrology, skyromantics, and show-the-face-of-your-future-husband. He had been a retired clergyman, whose sands of life were most run out, and who wanted to give a cure for nervous complaints for the love of humanity and three postage-stamps. He had preached physiology and socialism, highstericks, short petticoats, and transidentalism, and had at last brought up as High Grand Prophet and Something More of a new religion, which, as near as I could make out, was a mixture of Wakeman or wake woman up doctrine, rolled into spiritualism, spiced with Free and Easy Love, and blasphemed up with any amount of perverted Scripture.

Not being one of your 'cute sort, it is n't for Mace Sloper to say what is or is n't sensible among all the new dodges of the day. There's many a good notion which ran round promiscuously loose as an *ism*, until it was caught and biled down, and turned out as a good egg by scholars and scientific folks. But Old Wytles was no man of science, or scholar, but a confounded humbug, who caught up every thing before it was half-ripe, and whether it had any thing good in it or not, was sure to make it right away half-rotten. He did n't care for any thing, despised books, and went in for low tricks and putting people down by any sort of humbug.

The sect which he had got up called themselves the Holyites; but some of the outsiders, making fun of the name of the prophet, had named them Cold-Wittle-ites, of which that great and good man complained considerable, since his name he said ought to be pronounced *Wy* — tles, and not Wittles. 'But ye know, Mr. Sloper, that the enrighteous pre-

vail, but attend our worship, and wha-an the Speret discendeth, ye'll see that we ha-a-vent cold vitals nor vittles nayther. The sperits are our me-anes of gra-ace, Sloper; they are the harmonies, and wha-an ye git a-hold of tha-em, they'll warm ye up like a ten-pla-ate stove.' And here Prophet Wytles leered and looked at me as ugly as green pison, and the hyena eyes rolled all over, and the gray eye-brows came over them, and I felt that if I, Mace Sloper, had been as green as some poor girls are, that the Prophet might have felt like a black snake fastinating a hummin' bird. As it was, any body who had seen Sloper's look back, might have thought that he was as much hyena as the old man. There was something in the old devil which woke up all the ugly in a *man* — but which might have acted awful when brought to bear, day in and day out, on weak people.

'Ye'll come to-night, Sloper, and he-ar the wor-rks of the sperets, and le-arn how Jorum Wytles the Ma-an, has ris above the a-angels through the Har-monies. It's the Har-monies does it, Sloper. Come and be sa-anctified! Come and worship with the sisters who ha-ave grown comely through gittin' their Har-monies. And you've got your own little fortun' — ha-ay? — by ye're a-own industry, and ca-an give time to emprovin ye-ere speret! Come a-long, Sloper, and take a ha-and with the Bles-sed!'

Where's there's any thing queer turns up, Mace generally counts himself in, and therefore he found himself that evening steering along with Prophet Wytles to what that gentleman called the Temple, which was, however, not exactly in the regular Temple style, seeing that it was only a second story back-room in Grand-street. The cellar in front, underneath, had a great burning red transparency by the entrance, marked OYSTERS, but which had an idea of something infernal about it, and made me think that may-be the oysters came from Hell Gate, while I remembered the ground-floor as connected with 'policy' operations. Up-stairs went we.

There was a hungry-looking man in a smash-hat, half-a-yard of beard and mustashes, and a long, seedy over-coat, standing in the entry by a door, and to him Wytles handed me over, while he made tracks himself for another door at the end of the passage. Without much ado, Smash Hat opened the door, and I found myself among the 'Holy-ites.' The room was hung all around with heavy white cloth, by the direction of the sperits,' as I heard afterwards, 'to enforce a pure, moral example' — and perhaps, also, to keep any of the 'holy music' from being heard by the unconverted. Around the room, standing up in little bunches, talking, or laying round loose in spots, in great arm-chairs, or broad cushioned benches, were the faithful — and a mighty mixed-up party they were. I had supposed, from Wytles's coarse way and general style, that those whom he took in must be the lowest of the most vulgar — but I found myself mistaken. Some of the men seemed to be rather better class, some of the order looked quite well to do and respectable — none of 'em were really rowdy — while the women, who made up the audience, were all of a pretty good line. Of these, who were in the majority, there might have been twenty-five or thirty, and six or eight were, beyond all doubt, quite handsome. From the

general run of things, I concluded that parson Wytles had been very judgemetical in selecting his converts.

One end of the room was partitioned off, and had a door in it — all white-curtained — and before it was a sort of pulpit. While a-looking at all this, the congregation, after a word from Smash Hat, got together : one of the women sat herself down to a harp in a corner, and they all set up a queer, wild, quavering noise, which, after humming and wailing, seemed to set some of them into a delirious state, and having got their souls and the music into the right key, they burst out into a hymn which I found by me printed on a slip :

‘A GOING DOWN THE STREAM.

‘Oh! when we rolled in mortal mire,
A-going down the stream;
In earthly rags we did attire,
A-going down the stream.
We had not got the Upper Love,
A-going down the stream;
Like blinded heathen we did rove,
A-going down the stream.
A going — oo — hoo!
A-flow-ing — oo — hoo!
In vain was all our rowing!
A-going down the stream.

‘But the spirits they did soon incline,
A-going down the stream.
And lifted up this life of mine,
A-going down the stream.
The Prophet took me by the hand,
A-going down the stream.
And now I’m in his sky-light band,
A-going down the stream.
A-going — oo — hoo!
A-flow-ing — a — hoo!
How blest became our rowing!
A-going down the stream.

‘We’re getting to the Harmonies,
A-going down the stream:
We’re spreading like a Banyan tree,
A-going down the stream.
Oh! fare you well, my friends so dear!
A-going down the stream:
We’re rising to the zodiac spear,
A-going down the stream.
A-going — oo — hoo!
A-flow-ing — oo — hoo!
How blest is all our rowing!
A-going down the stream.’

This was n’t much for poetry, but Mace Sloper never heard a hymn sung to such a queer tune, or one which set the congregation off as it did. On the last verse there was a trembling and sobbing, and three or four women fell into the arms of their friends as if all gone. The ‘zodiac spear,’ whatever it was, seemed to stir them all up pretty extensively, and I, Mace Sloper, begun to be fluttered too, as a dainty pretty face at my elbow burst into tears and fell down ker-swallow, back on the cushions, sobbing out for ‘Love,’ ‘affinity,’ and ‘my harmony!’ But Smash Hat, who was round everywhere, soon set her up straight. While the congregation were all of a flutter, the end-door opened, and

Jorum Wytles, in a long white robe, with a gold crown on his head; came out. In an instant all were shut as mice. The Prophet moved along in a dreamy, see-nothing way, till he got his place, and waited half-a-minute, when all at once he bust out into a sort of sermon. He did n't move much till he got excited, and then every move he made was awful, and seemed to stir his whole soul with it — and the whole congregation, too. His eyes glared up like an evil one's; the hyenas jumped about like kittens — his mouth worked with his eyes — the old gray eyebrows seemed alive on their own hook, and working about wild with the rest, and the whole conventicle groaned and thrilled as if under rolling-mill pressure. And this was the speech:

'My fra-and's — for I ca-al ye my fra-and's in the sperit, though ye are all as di-irt before the gra-ace of your Prophet and La-ard, just as the a-arthly ones are as dirt before ye — I see ye a-again with the eyes of the ba-ody, though the sa-oul be a-far off. Since the la-ast meeting the Speret has ris to a higher ci-ircle, and pa-enetra-ated ha-igher rings of the Harmonies, and got into ta-aller company a-among the indivisible enhabitants of the a-aother worl-ed. A gre-at red fi-ery light, my fra-ends, ka-ind o' mixed up with a sa-ort o' ya-allow bla-azes, is a whirlin' and whirlin' my speret up *now*, while I'm a ta-alkin' to ye, an' I ken he-ar simbols, an' dulsymares, an' orgins, an' ter-rumpits, an' der-rums, and the hull kwyrus of a-angels' es pla-ain as ye can hear sister Berry a sobbin' in tha-at corner. (Here sister Berry gave a hoot and an extra convulsion.) An' all this ta-ime, my fra-ends, I'm a ta-alkin to ye out of the ter-remendous fire-works; an' every wor-red ye'll hear is the language of them simbols, and dulsymares, and orgins, and ter-rumpits, and drums, and the hull kwyrus of a-angels, and ye are the onnly pra-ivileged people this night on the fa-ace of the a-airth.

'My fra-ends, what air the Ha-armonies? What are them bless-sed ca-andles which the sperits light to eluminate us to glo-ory? My fra-ends, when you're a ga-oin' by the French ba-arber's shop and sme-ell the sweet savor of his spike-na-ard and myrrh and fra-ankin-cense and col-ogny water and ba-ar's gre-ease, *that's* a little Harmony, if you ha-appen to like the sme-el. And if wha-an we're hungry, Bro-ther M'Garvey, or some of those bless-sed a-bundantly with wa-orldly goods, orders up an iseter sup-per from da-own sta-airs, and ye fa-are sumptuously and the a-appetite is pleased — tha-at's *another* little ha-armony. And wha-an the sperits move ye to an a-affinity for a sister and ye be-haold that she is fa-air, a-and the indivisible voice tells your Prophet that she is to be that brother's a-affinity, and she obeys the voice, tha-an, my fra-ends, that is a very *great* Harmony, and one over which the sperits rejoice and fill the soul of me, your holy mejum, with gre-at rejoicing, especially wha-an the brother who feels the a-affinity sha-ows his holy gratitude in a pra-oper manner with holy offerings of the silver and go-oid with which the sperits have bless-sed him. And it is a Harmony, my fra-ends, if ye end the a-affinity to ta-ake up a new one in li-ike manner. But wha-an ye do all this, my fra-ends, ye only foller yer own small sperits that ha-ang round ye, and put ye up to wanting this or that a-airthly thing, or this or that sister, and sometimes two sperits ge-et to fitin', or ge-et ma-ad at one another,

and tha-an they make the two poor men run acrost each a-other's pa-ath — and that's a dis-Harmony, and a na-asty job it is. But wha-an you ha-ave a Prophet who hes ris from the airthly spear clean up through all the big-gest sort of sperets, through a-all the blue blazes and ya-allow blazes and spa-arklin suns and adamantine cra-owns of glo-ory to the sa-ound of tumbrels and dulsy-mares, tha-an, my fra-ends, ye need n't tra-ouble yerselves a-any more a-about the little na-asty querrel some sperits ye uset to ha-ave, for tha-an wha-an the Prophet is your mejum ye 'll git the big-gest kind of sperets that na-aver quarril to en-spire avery little notion that comes into your heads ; and the idees that *they* 'll put into your heads, my fra-ends, 'll be gra-ate idees, though they may seem little at first and just like the a-old ones. But they 'll lead ye on to a better course and to enjoyin your-saelves better, and ma-akin more lucre and lead ye to better a-affinities with come-lie sisters, and ra-aise your souls from the de-lightful ha-armonies of airth up to the speretual ha-armonies of another life.

'Tha-arefore, my fra-ends, foller your feelins and study the natur' of the sperets. They're about you all the while ; good sperets with whaite wings a-flapping over them that the Prophet favors, and gra-ate green devils with fiery eyes a-clawin at the hair of them who sca-orn the Prophet and revile the bless-sed mejums and strive not to yield to their *affinities*, or seek na-ot their way uppards to the ga-iding Harmonies of the big sperets. Ya-as — I see 'em around ye now — black, blue, and yellow, fiery green, striped and speckled, breathing out hate, and yellow fever, and pa-overty, and squenchin' out affinities, and puttin' the moral wickedness of the outside world into your heads. They are here — I see 'em comin' ! — swarms of millions, razin' and taria' at my words — black and awful in yowlin' nastiness — they scream — I kin smell 'em with the na-ose of my speret, and setch an a-awful old sm-ell you na-aver did. Yas, they're leapin' among ye — *save yerselves* !'

By this time most of the congregation were in a state of high doldrum upper triangles. Prophet Wytles worked as if all the evil spirits he spoke of had got into him, and his eyes glared, his whole corporation quivered, and his gray hair blazed up, like all horrors. The women screamed and fainted, the men shuddered and groaned, and I, Mace Sloper, nearly gave up the ghost myself in sheer rage and disgust. A fresh quiver of terror rose again like a gale, and Wytles leaped up with his arms raised in a fresh rush of ghastly warning. Once more there was a dreadful storm, blast of trembling and groans, screams, yells, and convulsions, and I had no doubt for an instant, that several would die on the spot. But suddenly the Prophet, spreading himself out so that his broad white robe seemed about to cover the whole congregation, cried :

'But they ca-anot ha-arm ye. There are the gra-ate white sperits with golden crowns and flowin' ra-obes coming da-own in millions of legions, and the ba-ad sperets ta-ake to flight. Worship your Prophet, who will a-always keep 'em a-around ye, to enspire ye with pla-asure, and wealth, and Harmonies. Worship your Prophet and return of your favors and of the bla-assings which he gets the sperets to give you,

unto him. Worship your Prophet who dwelleth not in the tents of the worldly sperits, but is always a-gittin a-out of this here, and a-gaoin' up tha-are among the adamantine cra-owns, and blue blazes, and big licks and things. Worship the Prophet, for he has brung nothing but blessings and choice affinities and white-wing sperets all about among ye world without e-end !'

And with this Prophet Wytles descended among his congregation, who, especially the women, proceeded to worship him to his heart's content. They fell down and wept before him in joy, they kissed his hands, they embraced his knees, and those who could not get near enough for this, struck up the anthem of 'Going down the stream' in a high pressure jubilee style, introducing several friendly halloos, which seemed to be meant as remarks to the good 'sperets' that it was all right now ; that they had hauled down a big pot, and intended henceforth to live as jolly as clams.

While all this giraffing and squalivating was on the griddle, and while the outside fat drops were running over the edge and flaring up in a blaze of glory on their own hook, I could n't help noticing Smash Hat, who was in no ways put out by the proceedings, and who, through the whole of it, only fixed the furniture from time to time, and was always on hand to keep the more acrobatic portion of the believers from lighting too hard on their heads when going in for extra sublime fly-ers in the way of sacred ground and lofty tumbling. He was a believer, but the luxury of being excited did n't come in his line, as he was employed (being poor) to keep the room straight and the congregation from being hurt. There was a scientific sort of set look on his face which was rather taking, and it set Mace Sloper to thinking that there is a queer likeness in sextons and ushers all the world over, and a mystery in their calling which common folks do n't think about and seldom get up to. Showmen in menageries, head-waiters at first-class hotels, superintendents of prisons, croupiers at gambling-tables, experienced secretaries of Tammany Hall meetings, and finally, drill-sergeants and judges on the bench, not to mention tip-top salesmen and experienced foremen in factories, all have *that* look. And every man who *has* got it is boss, and nothing can take it out of him, though he never do nothing more than sweep a Broadway crossing ; for it shows that he has got so as to command himself in business hours, and his business too. My friends, when you want a good man, get one of that style of beauty.

While sitting by myself I observed that the excitement grew less. Suddenly one of the ladies said : 'O Sister Stella !—Sister Stella ! here's a new convert !' And with this she turned to me, and I remembered in her a certain plump belle whom I met last winter at Alderman Buster's party. Sister Stella now swept forward and did her display with a bend and a spread which was evidently regarded as rather *the* thing and something particularly high above the vulgar. And Mace Sloper touched his hand to his forehead and keeping it there, bowed till he thought that the hotel room-key in his pocket had run about three inches into his side. And this, too, was evidently regarded as quite high-polite by the ladies around.

Stella had a very fair complexion and quite fine eyes, the brows just a *leetle* trimmed off and shaded with antimony, but the whole considerably striking. Her hair, of curly brown, had been shaved or depilated up in the part in front, which made the forehead, I believe, 'graceful and interesting,' by running it into a blue stem; though I do n't quite see where the beauty of the arrangement comes in. The said hair was very carefully worked in scollops from the 'part' to the temples at great expense of stiffening applications, and then plaited in immense braids, something like fancy basket-work, and *dread-ful* fancy at that, the extremities behind being secured with a gilt comb and several furious red rosettes. Her stately figure was done up in a liberal allowance of blue and orange-colored mousselin delaine flounced to the waist, with crimson silk bretelles, extensively pinked and supported on each shoulder by a highly-ornamental loop. Such was the general rig of 'Stella,' the fair decoy duck of the 'Cold Wittles-ites.'

'Here in the Temple,' says she, 'we are all friends. Brother, thou art welcome. Are thou not glad that thou hast come in among us?'

'I should be uncommon hard to please if I was n't,' says I, looking at her as if she was just served up on the half-shell, and turning round so as to give the balance of the look to the other sisters. 'Awful hard.'

'Thou must a had affinities which drawed you here,' cried the Alderman Buster sister. 'Did n't you feel 'em, Brother, prompting you and giving thee no rest till thou was here among harmonious souls? Did n't you feel as if thou was drawn?'

'Yes,' said I, 'there was the feeling of a draw on me all along, and I could n't resist it. Then I came along just like a thief being dragged to the Tombs by a star.'

'Oh! how sweet thou talkest, Brother,' cried Stella. 'The spirits — the blessed, blessed, *blessed* spirits have done a great work in thee. They have led thee here a noble, and angelic, and good-looking man, to find thy affinity. Is thy eyes not opened?'

'Yes, indeedy,' says I; 'it would n't be easy keeping of 'em shut with such beauty as yours, and these other ladies, goin' on around. It would make any thing open its eyes to see *you*.'

'He is finding his affinities — he's findin' 'em,' buzzed several around.

'Follow the Harmonies, Brother,' observed Stella. 'When thy heart says to you 'Go,' you should goeth, and when it says 'Come,' thou should cometh. But thou has now got a new life and must speak the language of love and bear a new name.'

'Let him be na-a-med a-new!' said the Prophet, drawing near.

'From this hour thou art devoted to follow thy Affinities here among us, and art called RINORDINE. Brother, bow thy head.'

And Mace Sloper bowed his head and received a sisterly kiss on his noble brow — or rather two of them — one from Stella and another from his plump friend, as also an embrace from each, which left a smell of tremendous mixed Patchouly and American Millefleurs on his coat for four days. I need not describe the *soirée* which followed, or the quick streak which I made in the Harmonies or with the Affinities; the great dodge in my rapid progress in the mysteries of the True Religion

being due to the fact that after the congregation had been reduced to a select two dozen, I ordered up unlimited oysters and sundry bottles of awful wine, or what they had the cheek to sell for wine, and which the 'Affinities' and even Prophet Wytles seemed to have no doubt was a very extra sort of tippie. And the Holyites did pile it on pretty tolerably loud. Sister Buster (her real name in the flock was Clementine) worked away at the harp; Miss Stella and another young lady gave us the grand spirit dance with some excessively tall variations; the rest of the sect present sang; and the Prophet, who seemed pretty far gone, treated us to a mess of preaching, praying, prophesying, quite brilliant to behold. 'Go it, Buster!' cried I, Mace Sloper, as the young lady woke up in fast time on 'a little more cider too, all freed from earthly sin, O Ole Bob Ridley's come to town and the saints will count us in!' And 'Go—it—Sister!' echoed the Prophet, very much illuminated indeed; 'ye na-aver was so speretual befo-ore in ye'r life.' And twinkle-ty twang went the harp; 'woo-a-wooh!' sang the disciples; round and round spun Stella and the Sisters in the dance, and pop went the corks. And through it all, calm as a clam, Smash Hat went moving round, putting every thing in the right place, and the old unmoved twist of his right eye unmoved to the last. Only when Mace Sloper, when the bender was at its height, slipped quietly out, unseen by any body, did Smash Hat show a trace of humanity, for he then bid me good-by in a tone which seemed to indicate that he knew a gentleman and had Mace Sloper on the list.

There are queer things in New-York, and some people when they read about Wytles and his flock, will allow that Mace has drawn it mild in his description of their carryings on. Not being one of your 'cute sort, I haven't piled the agony on as I might have done, or described the little movements, fascinating and wolloping glances, aerified motions and other machinery which the regular pot-boilers keep by them in printed strips, and stick into the manuscript whenever they come to check-apron gorgyousness, three dollar champagne, and battle-axe brilliancy. For, in plain truth, Mace Sloper sees such stuff as a looker-on, and a rather disgusted one at that, and, though not one of the 'cutest men in New-York, still trusts that he isn't so far gone as to mix up cheap outsiderism with 'luxury, splendor, and wanton magnificence.'

THE EAR-TRUMPET PEDDLER.

It's not the thing for me, I know it,
 To crack my own trumpet up, and blow it;
 But it's *the best*, and Time will show it:
 There was Mrs. F——, she was so very deaf:
 She might have worn a percussion-cap,
 And been knocked on the head without hearing it snap:
 Well, I sold *her* a horn, and the very next day
 She heard from her husband at Botany Bay!

HOOB.

A M E M O R Y .

BY MARY WINIFRED STANLEY GIBSON.

I.

SOMETIMES I see him in my dreams,
His fair hair crowned with wreaths of flowers;
Such as I wove by murmuring streams,
For him, in those young days of ours.

II.

And then this ceaseless cry grows still,
This lonely heart forgets its pain;
I close my eyes, and taste at will
The bliss of being loved again

III.

I marvel at the love that lives
When all that gave it birth is dead;
That nothing asks, yet all things gives;
And nothing speaks, yet all is said.

IV.

O heart! be faithful to thy trust:
The lovely things of memory,
That now are but a heap of dust,
Yet once were all in all to thee.

I.

An inward touching of my pain,
A dream of all I should forget;
Thy dear face rising up again,
And so my downcast eyes are wet.

II.

O vision of my early years!
O hopes, that bloomed and died too soon!
I give ye nothing but these tears,
For at my morning it is noon.

III.

As gently as a child might lay
Its hand upon its mother's breast,
Ye feel around my heart to-day,
And seek in vain to give it rest.

IV.

On! strange and sweet that Love should come
To comfort where it struck the blow:
And seek to raise a happier home
O'er homelike virtues lying low.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

BOTHWELL: A Poem: In Six Parts. By W. EDMONSTONE AYTOUN, D.C.L. Author of 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,' 'Bon Gualtier's Ballads,' etc. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

It is singular how few poems have been written upon MARY, Queen of Scots, when we consider how great dramatic interest, and what a wondrous amount of human passion and pity are contained within the story of her life. The death of her gallant father within a few hours after her birth: the mighty turbulent barons, who were beginning to be corrupted by the gold of England, and to lose all of their rude Scottish manhood but its stormy roughness, come before us, contrasted with the gay and polished court of France in which her youth was passed, and over which she ultimately reigned as queen.

Then comes her own life, sorrow, misapprehension, merciless persecution, religious and civil; the always beautiful picture of rare fidelity in the midst of almost universal treason; isolated truthfulness in a time when only not *all* men lied; the career of pain through which the loveliest woman of the age had to run, from the day that she landed amid the vexed waves, and in the dreary gray mists at Leith, until she laid her martyr's head upon the scaffold, to pay the price of her brother's treason, and to satisfy the blood-thirst of the licentious she-wolf, ELIZABETH.

AYTOUN takes for his subject only a portion of her life, that portion upon which the brutal shadow of BOTHWELL was cast; and into the mouth of that ruffian Liddesdale lord he puts the words of the poem. The scene of the monologue is the Castle of Malmoe, the Danish prison in which BOTHWELL was confined, and embraces all the events from the horrid butchery of DAVID RICCIO to the parting of MARY and the Earl at Carberry Hill. The history of the time is quite faithfully rendered — the steadfast enmity of the MESSALINA of England — the visit of the Queen to her wounded servant — the murder of the petulant baby, DARNLEY — the abduction and forced marriage — are not imaginary scenes but true copies of history.

You watch the grim, grave, unscrupulous treason of MURRAY the Pious,
the falsest villain that ever Scotland bred.'

'FALSE to his faith, a wedded priest;
Still falser to the crown:
False to the blood that in his veins
Made bastardy renown.
False to his sister, whom he swore
To guard and shield from harm:
The head of many a felon plot,
But never once the arm!
What tie so holy that his hand
Hath snapped it not in twain?
What oath so sacred but he broke
For selfish end or gain?
A verier knave ne'er stepped the earth
Since this wide world began;
And yet he bandies texts with KNOX,
And walks a pious man!'

You hear the hissing of that arch-snake, MAITLAND of Lethington, the que-
rulous falsehoods of CHALELHERAULT and idiotic ARRAN. You see sleek,
backstair, venal BUCHANNAN; and wily RANDOLPH, crafty CECIL's tool; and
over all their whisperings, and prayings, and loud nasal chanting of discord-
ant psalms, we hear the roar of the chained wolf in his Danish den, hoarse
above the voice of the seas that wash it forever. There he lies, fretting at
his manacles, howling, grim, gaunt, and in despair:

'COLD, cold! The wind howls fierce without,
It drives the sleet and snow;
With thundering hurl the angry sea
Smites on the crags below.
Each wave that leaps against the rock
Makes this old prison reel.
God! cast it down upon my head,
And let me cease to feel.
Cold, cold! The brands are burning out,
The dying embers wane;
The drops fall plashing from the roof
Like slow and sullen rain.
Cold, cold! And yet the villain kernes
Who keep me fettered here
Are feasting in the hall above,
And holding Christmas cheer.
Ay, howl again, thou bitter wind,
Roar louder yet, thou sea,
And drown the gusts of brutal mirth
That mock and madden me.
Ho! ho! the eagle of the North
Hath stooped upon the main!
Scream on, O eagle! in thy flight,
Through blast and hurricane.
And when thou meetest, on thy way,
The black and plunging bark
Where those who pilot by the stars
Stand quaking in the dark,
Down with thy pinion on the mast,
Scream louder in the air,
And stifle in the wallowing sea
The shrieks of their despair!'

Alas! when this reckless, fearless, cruel, brutal JOHN HEPBURN was her
friend, what were poor MARY's enemies? One virtue this man had, that
none of her own kindred and trusted servants could claim—he was not a
traitor.

'FREE from one damning spot of guilt
My soul hath ever been :
I never sold my country's rights,
Nor fawned on England's queen.'

But that was all that rough, one-eyed BOTHWELL could boast of. And what days of pain were those when

'POOR MARY stood
Unfriended and alone,
The tenant of a dreary hall,
A melancholy throne.
No more, as in her grandsire's days,
Surrounded by a ring
Of valiant lords and gentle knights,
Who for fair Scotland and her rights
Would die beside their king.
Gone was the star of chivalry
That gleamed so bright and pure
Upon the crests of those who fell
On Flodden's fatal moor.
Gone were the merry times of old,
The mask, and mirth, and glee,
And wearier was the palace then
Than prison needs to be.
Forbidden were the vesper-bells,
They broke the Sabbath calm ;
Hushed were the notes of minstrelsy,
They chimed not with the psalm.
'T was sin to smile, 't was sin to laugh,
'T was sin to sport and play ;
And heavier than a hermit's fast
Was each dull holiday.
Was but the sound of laughter heard,
Or tinkling of a lute,
Or, worse than all, in royal hall,
The tread of dancing foot,
Then, to a group of gaping clowns,
Would Knox with unction tell
The vengeance that, in days of old,
Had fallen on JEZEBEL !'

It will be seen that AYTOUN has chosen for this long poem the old ballad metre which he made so stirringly effective in his 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,' particularly the 'Death of MONTROSE,' and the 'Widow of Glencoe.' The 'fatal facility' of octosyllabic versification is visible in a poem of this length, and occasional sing-song and feebleness are discoverable ; but at times the poet wakes up, and in thrilling trumpet-notes sounds forth his indignation and his scorn. As a contribution to the history of MARY, Queen of Scots, now only beginning to be elucidated, this book is of no little value ; while, as a song, it is to be received with gratitude — a gratitude which does not preclude a healthy appetite for more just like it.

Apropos of MARY, Queen of Scots : we trust we violate no literary privacy, in stating that a work containing the particulars of her life and private history, many of them drawn from sources not only extremely rare, but until now inaccessible, is in preparation for, and partly passing through the press, in this city. The author is Mr. DONALD MACLEOD ; and both in the extent and variety of research exhibited, as well as in the vigor and appropriateness of the style, we can promise our readers a 'rich and rare treat.' We but 'speak the things which we do know,' having been permitted to peruse in advance certain portions of the work.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS: THE SECOND GRINNELL EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN. By ELISHA KENT KANE, M.D., U.S.N. In two volumes. Philadelphia: CHILDS AND PETERSON. Second Notice.

We have read and re-read these volumes with so much interest and pleasure; they reflect such honor upon the indomitable energy, professional knowledge, and literary gifts of their author, as well as upon the liberality and humanity of the country, as exemplified in the noble example of Mr. HENRY GRINNELL; that we are really anxious to do our part *again*, in calling renewed attention to the work: not that it *needs* this favor at all at our hands, since the volumes, alike from their external and internal excellencies, have already commanded a wide and 'enthusiastic' reception, while their author is being received with the most marked demonstrations of respect and honor, in the best and highest circles of English society. Having had our *own* 'say' touching the interesting record of these 'Explorations,' however, we proceed now to show how cordially *kindred* praise is rendered to it by the best contemporaneous critics of our time. The capable and accomplished literary umpire of '*The Tribune*' daily journal 'awards' as follows, and gives therewithal a more ample synopsis of the events of the narrative than we had time or room to present in our November number: 'Dr. KANE is one of the singularly fortunate men who are permitted not only to perform noble actions, but to leave a worthy record of their history. The admirable qualities which he has displayed in the discharge of his official duties are a sure pledge of permanent fame. Courage, wisdom, fertility of resource, power of endurance, devotion to an idea, and skill in accomplishment, are stamped on his intrepid career of Arctic research. The fulness of manhood gives a lofty character to his adventurous course. He might well be content with his exploits, which have called forth an order of talent that is rarely combined with the conditions of literary excellence. Distinction as a writer was unnecessary to give brilliancy to his achievements. But in the composition of these volumes he has gained a new title to the admiration of the public. If they presented merely a narrative of other men's performances, they would be counted as productions of remarkable interest, for their graphic vigor of description, and the richness and novelty of the information which they impart. But as a transcript of personal experience, they occupy a unique place in literature. Written with rare modesty of tone, great simplicity of expression, and a certain cordial frankness of manner, securing the sympathy of the reader, which at the same time is evidently taken for granted, they possess a peculiar charm, apart from their unquestionable value as memorials of maritime discovery.' The reviewer goes on to say:

'The specific features of Dr. KANE's plan of research consisted in making the land-masses of the north of Greenland the basis of operations, assuming, from the analogies of geographical structure, that Greenland was to be regarded as a peninsula approaching the vicinity of the Pole rather than as a congeries of islands connected by interior glaciers. On this hypothesis, the course was to pass up Baffin's Bay to the most northern attainable point, and thence, pressing on toward the Pole, as far as boats or sledges could reach, to examine the coast-lines for vestiges of the lost party. The expedition which sailed in the '*Advance*' consisted of seventeen men beside the commander. The equipment was simple. A quantity of rough boards to serve for housing the vessel in winter, some India-rubber and canvas tents, and several strong sledges, built on a con-

venient model, completed the outfit. For provisions, they took a liberal supply of pemmican, a parcel of BORDEN'S meat-biscuit, some packages of prepared potato, a store of dried fruits and vegetables, beside pickled cabbage, the salt beef and pork of the Navy ration, hard biscuit and flour. A moderate supply of liquors made up the bill of fare, although the party were pledged to total abstinence from this article, unless dispensed by special order.

'Leaving New-York on the thirtieth of May, 1853, the 'Advance' arrived at the harbor of Fiskernaes on the first of July. They proceeded gradually along the coast until, on the twenty-seventh of July, they neared the entrance of MELVILLE Bay. Here they encountered their first serious obstruction from the ice; Dr. KANE promptly decided to attempt a passage through the bay by a new track; and after a rough transit of eight days, the wisdom of the plan was confirmed by its success. In less than a week they entered SMITH'S Sound, and landing near LITTLETON'S Island, deposited a boat with a supply of stores, with the view of securing a retreat in case of disaster.

'On the western cape of LITTLETON Island, they erected a cairn, which might serve as a beacon to any following party, wedged a staff into the crevices of the rocks, and spreading the American flag, hailed its folds with three cheers as they expanded in the cold mid-night breeze. They immediately resumed their course, beating toward the north against wind and tide, and soon arriving at the regions of thick-ribbed ice, where they were compelled to moor their vessel to the rocks. Among the petty miseries which they now began to suffer was a pack of some fifty dogs, which formed a very inconvenient appendage to the travelling party. These animals were voracious as wolves. It was no easy matter to supply such a hungry family with food. They devoured a couple of bears in eight days. Two pounds of raw flesh every other day was a scanty allowance; but to obtain this was almost impossible. The pemmican could not be spared — corn-meal or beans they would not touch — and salt-junk would have killed them. The timely discovery of a dead narwhal or unicorn proved an excellent relief, affording six hundred pounds of good wholesome flesh, though of a rather unsavory odor.

'But a more serious trial was at hand. The vessel had been released from her moorings, and had fought her way through the ice for several days, when the sky gave tokens of an approaching storm. On the twentieth of August, the tempest came on with unmistakable Arctic fury.' (Its effects were described in an extract in the last KNICKERBOCKER.) 'By the twenty-second of August, they had reached the latitude of $78^{\circ}41'$ — a distance greater than had been attained by any previous explorer, except PARRY, on his Spitzbergen foot-tramp. About this time, some of the party began to exhibit symptoms of discontent. The rapid advance of winter, the deprivation of rest, and the slow progress of the expedition, tended to produce depression. One person volunteered an opinion in favor of returning to the south, and giving up the attempt to winter. It was no time for half-way measures. Dr. KANE at once called a council of his officers, and listened to their views in full. With but a single exception, they declared their conviction that a further progress to the north was impossible, and urged the propriety of returning southward to winter. The commander maintained the opposite view. Explaining the importance of securing a position which might expedite future sledge-journeys, he announced his intention of warping toward the northern headland of the bay. Once there, he could determine the best point for the operations of the spring, and would put the brig into winter harbor at the nearest possible shelter. His comrades received the decision with cheerful acquiescence, and zealously entered upon the perilous duties which it involved. During the process the gallant little vessel ran aground, and in the night had a narrow escape from fire. A sudden lurch tumbled the men out of their berths, and threw down the cabin-stove, with a full charge of glowing anthracite. The deck blazed up violently, but by the sacrifice of a heavy pilot-cloth coat the fire was smothered until water could be passed down to extinguish it. The powder was not far off. A few moments more might have brought the expedition to a sudden close.

'About the tenth of September, the vessel was brought into a sheltered harbor between the islands of the bay, in which she had been lying for some time, and all hands prepared for winter quarters. Of their mode of life during the long darkness of an Arctic winter, a vivid idea is given in Dr. KANE'S journal.

'Toward the end of April, the arrangements for a journey of exploration were completed, and leaving the brig in charge of a trustworthy detachment, four able-bodied and six disabled men, the commander, with seven others, set out upon the tour over the ice. His plan was to follow the ice-belt to the Great Glacier of HUMBOLDT, and from that point to stretch along the face of the glacier to the north-west, and make an attempt to cross the ice to the American side. The stores of the party consisted of pemmican, bread, and tea, a canvas tent five feet by six, and two sleeping bags of reindeer skin. The sledge was light, built of hickory, and but nine feet long. A soup-kettle, for melting snow and making tea, was arranged to boil either with lard or spirits. A sub-division of the party, with another sledge, started two days before the departure of Dr. KANE, which took place on the twenty-seventh. He reached the Great

Glacier in safety. The coast of Greenland in the vicinity is of a highly picturesque character. The red sand-stones present an impressive contrast with the blank whiteness, associating the cold tints of the dreary Arctic landscape with the warm coloring of more southern lands. The different layers of the cliff have the appearance of jointed masonry, and the narrow line of green stone caps them with natural battlements. At one place rose the dreamy semblance of a castle, flanked with triple towers, completely isolated and defined. To these Dr. KANE gave the name of the 'Three Brother Towers.' A still more striking object was a single cliff of green-stone, north of latitude 79 degrees, which reared itself from a crumbled base of sand-stones, like the boldly-chiseled rampart of an ancient city. On one extremity stands a solitary column or minaret tower, as sharply finished as if it had been cast for the Place Vendôme. The length of the shaft alone is four hundred and eighty feet, and it rises on a plinth or pedestal itself two hundred and eighty feet high. 'I remember well,' says Dr. KANE, 'the emotions of my party as it first broke upon our view. Cold and sick as I was, I brought back a sketch of it, which may have interest for the reader, though it scarcely suggests the imposing dignity of this magnificent land-mark. Those who are happily familiar with the writings of TENNYSON, and have communed with his spirit in the solitudes of a wilderness, will apprehend the impulse that inscribed the scene with his name.' No description can do justice to the Great Glacier itself. Rising in solid glassy wall, three hundred feet above the water-level, with an unknown, unfathomable depth below it, its curved face sixty miles in length from Cape AGASSIZ to Cape FORBES vanishes into unknown space at not more than a single day's rail-road travel from the Pole. The interior with which it communicated, and from which it issued, was an unsurveyed sea of ice, apparently of boundless dimensions.

The journey, however, failed of success in forcing a passage to the north. On the sixth day, the party were attacked by scurvy, from which they had suffered terribly during the winter. Two of the number were taken with snow-blindness, and one was condemned as altogether unfit for travel. To crown their discomfitures, they found that the bears had got hold of their pemmican casks, and thus destroyed their chances of recruiting their supply of provisions at the several caches. Dr. KANE himself was seized with violent illness; his limbs became rigid, and certain tetanoid symptoms made their appearance. In this condition he was unable to make more than nine miles a day. He was strapped upon a sledge, and the march continued; but he was soon so much reduced as to find the moderate temperature of 5° below zero intolerable. His left foot was frozen up to the ankle-joint, and the same night it became evident that the difficulty in his limbs was caused by dropsical effusion. The next day he grew delirious, and fainted whenever he was taken from the tent to the sledge. Every man in the party was so far gone as to make the continuance of the journey impossible. Scarcely able to travel, they bore the commander back to the brig, which they reached by forced marches on the fourteenth. Dr. KANE was entirely prostrated for about a week. The first business after his convalescence was to arrange new parties for exploration. They returned in safety, with ample experience of the perils of Arctic discovery.

Passing over the remainder of the summer without further extracts from the interesting narrative, we find the little party prepared to encounter the terrors of a second winter in that dreary region. The brig was fast in the ice, and every effort for her liberation had proved unsuccessful. At this crisis Dr. KANE called all hands together, and explained to them the reasons which had decided him not to forsake the brig. He left it to the choice of each man, however, to attempt an escape to open water, or to stand by the fortunes of the expedition. Eight of the seventeen survivors of the party resolved to remain with their commander; the others were fitted out with every appliance that could be furnished, and departed on their almost desperate enterprise. They carried with them every assurance of a brother's welcome should they be driven back; but it was not until after many weary months of trial and hardship that they were seen again.

The arrangement of the winter-quarters now occupied the whole attention of the little band. Dr. KANE determined to adhere to the routine of observances which had made up the sum of their daily life. No accustomed form was to be surrendered. The importance of systematic employment was fully appreciated. The distribution and details of duty, the religious exercises, the ceremonials of the table, the fires, the lights, the watch, even the labors of the observatory, and the notation of the tides and the sky, it was decided should go on as they had before. In the material arrangements, many useful hints were borrowed from the Esquimaux. The brig was thoroughly lined and padded with moss and turf. A pile of barrels on the ice contained their supply of water-soaked beef and pork. Flour, beans, and dried apples formed a quadrangular block-house. The boats and spare cordage were placed along an avenue opening abeam of the brig. There was but a small store of vegetables. The pickled cabbage, dried apples and peaches had lost much of their anti-scorbutic virtue by constant use. The spices were all gone. Nothing remained but a few small bottles of horse-radish to season the standing fare of bread, beef, and pork. A kind of root-beer was brewed

by the Doctor from the branches of the crawling willow, of which a stock had been laid in some weeks before. The gun procured them an occasional supply of fresh meat. Bear's flesh was a favorite dish, but the liver of that animal proved poisonous. A less noxious article of diet was the rat. A perfect warren of this tribe was on board the brig. They had become impudent and fierce with their increase of numbers. Nothing could be saved from their voracity. Furs, woollens, shoes, specimens of natural history were gnawed into and destroyed. They harbored among the men's bedding in the fore-castle, and at last became intolerable nuisances. Dr. KANE took his revenge by decimating them for his private table. His companions did not share his taste, and he thus had the frequent advantage of a fresh-meat soup. To this inviting fare he ascribes his comparative freedom from scurvy.

'The want of fuel before the close of winter compelled them to rely upon their lamps for heat. Pork-fat, boiled to lessen its salt, was the substitute for oil; and by the use of metallic reverberators, a single wick was sufficient to keep liquid ten ounces of lard with a surrounding temperature of 30° below zero. Raw meat was now voted the most agreeable diet. A slice of blubber or a chunk of frozen walrus-beef was taken with infinite relish. The liver of a walrus eaten with little slices of fat was a dainty morsel. The flesh and blubber of that animal is stated to be 'the very best fuel a man can swallow.' But of these savory viands the party were now destitute. The sick began to suffer for want of meat. They were reduced to three days' allowance of frozen flesh, at the rate of four ounces a day for each man. In this emergency, Dr. KANE determined on a trip over the ice to a settlement of Esquimaux huts at the distance of about a hundred miles. He was accompanied by HANS CHRISTERN, a native Esquimaux, and five dogs. During the journey, a frightful storm came on. Before it had fairly commenced, the party succeeded in reaching an old hut, which had been abandoned by the Esquimaux. Taking in the dogs, with the blubber-lamp, food and bedding, which formed part of the burden of the sledge, they closed up the entrance with blocks of snow. They were scarcely housed before the storm broke out in all its fury. Completely cut off from the outer world, they here passed many miserable hours. They could keep no note of time. The only indication of the state of the weather was the whirring of the drift against the roof of the kennel. The time was divided between sleeping and preparing coffee, which they drank with a relish. When warned by their instincts of the lapse of twelve hours, they treated themselves to a meal, dividing impartial bits out of the hind leg of a fox to give zest to their biscuits spread with frozen tallow. It was two days before they were released from their narrow prison, reckoning the time by the increased altitude of the moon. Upon attempting to resume their journey they found it impossible to work through the piles of drifted snow. Sledge, dogs, and drivers were buried in the attempt. The two travellers harnessed themselves to the sledge, and 'lifted, levered, twisted, and pulled,' but all in vain. They were compelled to give it up, and returned to the wretched hut. Taking the back track, they reached the brig the next morning, and for several days were incapable of the slightest exertion. The entries in the Doctor's diary at this time reveal a world of misery — of simple, monotonous suffering. On the twenty-seventh of February, a glimpse was obtained of the returning sun, which was hailed with abundant joy.

'On the twentieth of May, the party were enabled to leave the vessel, which was irrecoverably imbedded in the ice, and take up the line of march for the settlements on the Greenland coast. During the intervening time they had not been idle. On every respite from their incredible sufferings by cold, famine, and disease, the search was continued for the object of the expedition, but after various fruitless attempts, they were obliged to relinquish all hope of success. We have no space to detail the perilous journey to the Danish settlements, at which they arrived about the first of August.

'The expedition under Dr. KANE, although not succeeding in the great purpose for which it was dispatched, has contributed important and valuable additions to the geography of the Arctic regions. The highest point reached was nearly eighty-one and a half degrees of latitude, within about five hundred miles of the Pole. In the different explorations by members of the party, the northern coast of Greenland was surveyed to its termination in the great HUMBOLDT Glacier: this glacial mass was examined and described as far as its northward extension into the new land named WASHINGTON; a large tract of land, forming the extension northward of the American continent, was discovered; and the existence ascertained of an open and iceless sea toward the Pole, making an area, with its channel, of over four thousand miles. The discovery of this polar sea is one of the most interesting results of Arctic exploration. It had long been suspected that such a tract of water was to be found in the vicinity of the Pole, and the suspicion was confirmed to some extent by actual or supposed discoveries. But hitherto no satisfactory proof of the fact had been obtained. The evidence which Dr. KANE has had the rare good fortune to collect is founded on facts of immediate observation. The coast of this mysterious sea was traversed for many miles; the water was viewed from an elevation of five hundred and eighty feet, presenting the same limitless spectacle, moved by a heavy swell, free from ice, and dashing in surf against a rock-bound shore.

In connection with this discovery, several facts were brought to light indicating a milder climate near the Pole. Crowds of marine birds, the advance of vegetable life, the melted snow upon the rocks, and the rise of the thermometer in the water, suggested the supposition of a climatic melioration toward the Pole, although Dr. KANE declines engaging in the discussion of the question.

In conclusion, we cannot but repeat the expression of our sense of the heroism, energy, and intelligence of the intrepid chief of the expedition. His modest narrative has a certain auto-biographical fascination, unconsciously revealing the highest order of manly qualities, while in the interest of its incidents, it is almost superfluous to say it surpasses the most exciting wonders of romance. A vein of beautiful humanity pervades its composition, and even in the describing of the most desperate scenes, a lurking humor often peeps forth, showing the impotence of uncongenial circumstances to depress an elastic and generous nature. The ethical lesson of these volumes is a no less precious gift to the reader than its scientific instruction and picturesque delineations.

With this farther report upon Dr. KANE's great work, we take our leave of it in these pages; glad that there will hereafter be bound up in the KNICKERBOCKER two well-deserved tributes to an undaunted, humane, and gifted explorer, and well pleased that we should have had a hand in perpetuating his 'name and his fame.'

ENGLISH TRAITS. By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co. 1856. Pp. 312. 8vo.

DICKENS writes for all who speak the English language. Mr. EMERSON addresses only his 'class.' This class consists of the cultivated men of both England and America, and by these the book bearing the above pithy title was seized as eagerly as the last chapter of *LITTLE DORRIT* by the 'rest of mankind.' We have waited a long time for it, for the author has taken time to make it short. We have neither the time nor the inclination for an elaborate review of this book, but shall leave that task to other and abler pens, contenting ourselves with a few extracts: 'The English have more constitutional energy than any other people. They think with HENRI QUATRE, that manly exercises are the foundation of that elevation of mind which gives our nature ascendancy over another; or with the Arabs, that the days spent in the chase are not counted on the length of life. They box, run, shoot, ride, row, and sail from pole to pole. They eat, and drink, and live jolly in the open air, putting (mark this Young America) a solid bar of sleep between day and day. As soon as he can handle a gun, hunting is the fine art of every Englishman of condition.'

Mr. EMERSON finds the Englishman 'to be him of all others who stands firmest in his shoes. They have in themselves which they value in their horses, mettle and bottom.' 'On the day of my arrival in Liverpool, a gentleman, in describing to me the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, happened to say: 'Lord CLARENDON has pluck like a cock, and will fight till he dies.' And what I heard first I heard last, and the one thing the English value is pluck. The cab-men have it; the merchants have it; the bishops have it; the women have it; the journals have it; the *Times* newspaper, they say, is the pluckiest thing in England: and SYDNEY SMITH had made it a proverb

that little Lord JOHN RUSSELL, the minister, would take the command of the Channel fleet to-morrow.' Again, on the same subject, he says: 'I apply to Britannia, queen of seas and colonies, the words in which her latest novelist portrays his heroine: 'She is as mild as she is game, and as game as she is mild.' The English delight in the antagonism which combines in one person, the extremes of courage and tenderness. NELSON, dying at Trafalgar, sends his love to Lord COLLINGWOOD, and like an innocent school-boy that goes to bed, says: 'Kiss me, HARDY,' and turns to sleep.'

We take a paragraph or two from the chapter headed 'Truth,' Mr. EMERSON's epigrammatic style tempting us to quote almost at random. He says: 'The Teutonic tribes have a national singleness of heart. The German name has a proverbial significance of sincerity and honest meaning. The arts bear testimony to it. The faces of clergy and laity in old sculptures and illuminated missals, are charged with earnest belief. Add to this hereditary rectitude the punctuality and precise dealing which commerce creates and you have the English truth and credit. The government strictly performs its engagements. The subjects do not understand trifling on its part.'

'When any breach of promise occurred in the old days of prerogative, it was resented by the people as an intolerable grievance. And in modern times, any slipperiness in the government in political faith, or any repudiation or crookedness in matters of finance, would bring the whole nation to a committee of inquiry and reform. Private men keep their promises, never so trivial. Down goes the flying word on the tablets, and is indelible as Domesday Book.' 'English veracity seems to result on a sounder animal structure, as if they could afford it. They are blunt in saying what they think, sparing of promises, and they require plain-dealing of others. ALFRED, the type of the race, is called the *Truth-Speaker*. They hate shuffling and equivocation, and the cause is damaged on which any paltering can be fixed.'

The doctrine of the Old Testament, says EMERSON, is the religion of England. 'The first leaf of the New Testament it does not open. It believes in a Providence which does not treat with levity a pound sterling. They are neither Transcendentalists nor Christians. They put up no Socratic prayer, much less any saintly prayer, for the QUEEN's mind; ask neither for light nor right, but say bluntly, 'Grant her in health and wealth long to live.'

We ourselves have always had a great respect for the man who rides in his own coach, and partly understand the feelings of the pious PEPYS, quoted by EMERSON on this point: 'Abroad,' says PEPYS, 'with my wife, the first time I ever rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice and praise God, and pray Him to bless it to me, and continue it.'

We have given our readers a few passages, taken almost at random from the book. It would be coxcombery in us to criticise or praise it. We simply say that we think every man will be more 'virtuous' for reading such books. The strength and manly self-reliance of the author are in a manner infused into the reader. The book is as invigorating as a horseback ride, or a pleasant walk, in the bracing air of these cool October mornings.

'IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.' A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE. By CHARLES READE, Author of 'CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE,' 'PEG WOFFINGTON,' etc. In two volumes. Pp. 423, 424. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. 1856.

THIS work, after we had perused it with unwonted pleasure from title-page to 'Finis,' lay upon our table for only one single day, before it was spirited away; and whoever *did* 'so convey the same,' did 'his spiriting gently' enough; and we must say, has evinced so much good taste and judgment in his selection, that we 'decline to prosecute' and shall not 'appear' against him. Meantime, while through the 'conduct aforesaid' we have been prevented from doing *our* duty 'in the premises,' an able contemporary, the Boston '*Christian Examiner*' for November, has been more fortunate: and its appreciative and critical views are in such exact accordance with our own, as we read the volumes, that we adopt and indorse them in each and every particular:

'In this powerful sketch of a few phases of real life in our own times, Mr. READE has amply redeemed the promise implied in his previous works. Less brilliant in coloring, it is even more vigorous in touch, and more various in interest, than either 'PEG WOFFINGTON' or 'CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE.' Dealing with an entirely different set of characters, and aiming to produce a deeper and more permanent impression upon his readers, our author has achieved a still more remarkable success, and has given us a work which, though marked by some defects, must yet place him among the first English novelists of the day.

The characterization exhibits the same wide acquaintance with human nature, and the same rare insight into human motives, which were so apparent in his earlier and less elaborate productions. His men and women are neither impossible combinations of discordant qualities, nor are they mere personifications of abstract ideas. Though they are sometimes idealized and exaggerated, they are generally just such persons as we may have to deal with at almost any moment in some of the multifarious relations of life. Who, for instance, does not recognize the fidelity of the portrait of SUSAN MERTON — the very type of an average woman of her class? So, too, in the characters of GEORGE FIELDING, the honest farmer, and of TOM ROBINSON, the keen-witted and sharp-eyed thief, his truth to nature is equally noticeable. Such characters as EDEN, the single-hearted and devoted minister of our faith, scornning all thought of earthly advancement, and suffering much to save the wretched inmates of a prison; HAWES, the tyrannical and blood-thirsty governor of the jail; and MEADOWS, a scheming villain building up wickedness even while cherishing some noble and generous impulses — are more rare. Yet the character of HAWES is understood to have been drawn from life; and few will doubt that such men as EDEN and MEADOWS may sometimes be found. The minor characters are scarcely less real and life-like.

The plot is extremely complicated; but in its management the writer shows great judgment, and the incidents are evolved with the utmost skill and discrimination. The scenes in the jail and in Australia, in particular, are wrought out with wonderful vigor. Nowhere have we seen a more vivid picture of life in Australia, both before the discovery of gold and during the early stages of the gold fever, than is presented in these chapters. The whole story fascinates the reader with an irresistible power.

'It is clear, however, from the most cursory reading, that Mr. READE has aimed at something more than the construction of a merely interesting tale. The work bears throughout the mark of an earnest purpose; and though it can scarcely be said that the interest of the story has been subordinated to the enforcement of the moral, it cannot be doubted that a chief purpose of the author was to utter his protest against the system of solitary confinement, and to make his readers share his deep-seated indignation.'

THE MUSICAL BOUQUET, AND INSTITUTE CHOIR: A Collection of Songs, Duets, Trios, and Choruses. Together with a New and Complete Course of Elementary Instructions and Lessons in Singing. For the School-room and Social Circle. New-York: IVISON AND PHINNEY.

We have here something new and something fair to the eye. Its external and internal merits must secure for the '*Musical Bouquet*' many friends. In three points, it is assumed, this work may challenge successful competition: first, in the character of its melodies; secondly, the beauty and tenderness of the words, with some exceptions; and finally, in the mechanical execution. The stereotypers, Messrs. MILLER AND HOLMAN, are entitled to great credit for their share of the work, which certainly is an ornament to the unrivalled skill of our American mechanics. The valuable labors of Mr. BRADBURY are too well known to require mention in these pages, while Mr. CONVERSE ranks second to no man of his years. As a rising star we commend him to public notice, and we call attention to his efforts in the volume under consideration, as an earnest of what he may achieve upon the completion of his present studies in Europe.

We have alluded to the excellence of the poetry; and cite as a specimen the following lines from the pen of a contemporary editor, J. B. PLIMPTON, of Elmira:

'WHEN night-winds are wailing
Like spirits in thrall,
And Death walks in darkness
Through hamlet and hall:
Kind angel of mercy,
Wherever they are,
Watch over the slumbers
Of loved ones afar.

'Where'er they may wander,
By land or by sea,
THOU FATHER of angels,
We trust them with THEE!
Be THOU to earth's pilgrims
The day-beam and star,
The staff of the weary,
To loved ones afar.

'While life bath a pleasure,
Or hope bath a cheer,
While the heart can feel kindness,
Or sorrow a tear,
I ne'er can forget them,
Nor fail in the prayer,
That God will watch over
The loved ones afar!'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

JOHN PHENIX'S FOURTH-OF-JULY ORATION IN OREGON. — Our readers have known JOHN PHENIX as a Surveyor, a Topographical Engineer, a Humorist: but they have now to listen for the first time to him as a Fourth-of-July Orator. The matter is explained by the following

Correspondence.

'Fort Vancouver, W. T., June 15, 1856.

JOHN PHENIX, Esq., Sergt. Major, etc.

DEAR SIR: 'I am requested by a number of your brother officers, and other gentlemen, to solicit you to deliver the oration at the celebration of the approaching Fourth of July, at this post.

'Very respectfully,

'Your friend and obdt. servt.,

'H. C. H.,

'1st Lieut 4th Infantry.'

'Portland, Oh! Tea, 17 June, 1856.

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your very polite invitation to address a number of my brother officers, and other gentlemen, on the coming glorious anniversary, at Vancouver.

'In the words of a celebrated Roman emperor, when asked to take a drink, I reply, 'I will do it with great pleasure,' and shall immediately prepare myself for the discharge of the agreeable duty thus devolving upon me.

'Your invitation, Sir, arrived upon a most opportune occasion. Eighty years (or thereabouts) ago, this day, our respected ancestors marched up the side of BREEN'S Hill by a flank, to the following spirit-stirring tune:

'Oh! tweedle dum twee,
Oh! tweedle dum twee,
Oh! tweedle-tweedle, tweedle dum twee.'

And after getting there, feeling sick at their stomachs from fatigue, threw up a line of breastworks and trenches, that took the British very particularly by surprise. Behind those breast-works, Sir, our gallant ancestors stood shoulder to shoulder, and received the red-coated minions of the British monarch with a galling and destructive fire, that

caused them to retreat in confusion. Three successive times was the attack repeated, and three successive times were the British mercenaries repulsed. At the fourth attempt, Sir, our ancestors suddenly remembered certain business engagements in the country which could no longer be neglected, and they had not time to remain and see the matter through. They left; and a mingled mass of cow-hide boots and shirt-tails fluttering in the distance, was all the British could descry, when, out of breath, perfectly exhausted, they arrived on the summit of Breed's. This great engagement, Sir, was named the battle of Bunker Hill, on account of its not having occurred on a hill of that name, and a monument two hundred feet high has been erected on the spot, from the top of which a man once fell, and knocked the whole top off of his derved eternal head, Sir!

'From the top of this monument now floats the glorious spang-dangled stanner of our country, and long may it wave.

'Please, Sir, to accept the renewed assurances of my most distinguished consideration.
Curry and Stevens!

'With singular respect, I remain

'Your most obdt. servt.,

'JOHN PHENIX.

'Lieut. H. SEA. H.,

'1st. Lieut. 4th U. S. Foot,

'Vancouver, W. Tea.'

'Oration:

DELIVERED AT FORT VANCOUVER, W. T., ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1856, BY JOHN PHENIX, *Esq.* D.
SERGEANT MAJOR, EIGHTY-THIRD REGIMENT, OREGON TERRITORY LIGHT MULES.

'BROTHER SOLDIERS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: I feel honored by the call that I have received and accepted to deliver on this great occasion, the glorious anniversary of our nation's independence, the customary oration. The word oration signifying a public address, I have reason to believe has a military origin. It originated in a custom once prevalent among commanding officers and chaplains, of making long and verbose addresses to the troops, which were stigmatized as 'all talk and no rations,' whence the word noration, modernized into oration. The term address has also a similar origin, it having been the custom for the troops to be dressed to the right before the oration was delivered. From the word noration is derived the common expression — common in the sweet and classic vales of Pike — 'to norate.' Thus we hear an individual wishing to refer to an anecdote related to him in early life by his grandmother, say, '*I hurd her norrate it.*'

'This explanation may appear irrelevant and uninteresting; but I never lose an opportunity to impart a little valuable information.

'Brother soldiers and fellow-citizens: It is the Fourth of July. This morning, at half-past two o'clock, every inhabitant of this great, free, and enlightened republic, amounting in number to several millions, was awakened from a sound sleep by the discharge of cannon, the explosion of fire-crackers, and the continued and reiterated shouts of little boys, and children of larger growth. From that time until four o'clock sleep has been rendered impossible, and every inhabitant of this republic has had an opportunity to reflect with gratitude and thankfulness on the wisdom of our progenitors, and the greatness of our institutions; until at that hour the bells of every church, meeting-house, factory, steam-boat, and boarding-house throughout the land, beginning to pour forth a merry and universal peal, joining in the glad anthem of our nation's independence, every citizen has got up, put on his pantaloons, taken a cock-tail, and commenced the celebration of the day in good earnest.

'Throughout our whole vast extent of country, from Hancock Barracks, Houlton,

Maine, where they pry the sun up in the morning, to Fort Yuma on the Colorado River, where the thermometer stands at 212° in the shade, and the hens lay hard-boiled eggs, this day will be a day of hilarity, of frolicking and rejoicing.

'Processions will be formed, churches will be thronged, orations will be delivered, (many of them, possibly, of a superior character to this of mine,) the gallant militia, that right arm of our national defence, will pervade the streets in astounding uniforms, whereof it may be said that SOLOMON in all his glory was *not* arrayed like one of these. Small boys will fire pistols and burn their fingers; large boys will fire cannon and blow off their arms; men will guzzle inebriating liquors, and become much intoxicated thereby; and a mighty shout will go up from the land, which, if the wind happens to be in the right direction, will cause the Emperor ALEXANDER to tremble in his boots, and the young NAPOLEON to howl in his silver cradle. For on this day the great American eagle flaps her wings, and soars aloft, until it makes your eyes sore to look at her, and looking down upon her myriads of free and enlightened children, with flaming eye, she screams, '*E Pluribus Unum*,' which may be freely interpreted, 'Aint I some?' and myriads of freemen answer back with joyous shout: 'You *are* punkins!' On this glorious day, joy, good feeling, and good-nature animate each breast; babies cease to cry, ladies cease to scold, all is amiability; and I hesitate not to say, that were the commanding general of this Division on this day to ask the Governor of Oregon for a chew of tobacco, he would hand over the whole plug without a moment's delay or hesitation. And what is the cause of this general rejoicing, this universal hilarity, this amiable state of feeling, this love and veneration for this particular day of all days in the year—a day when the native American forgets all prejudices, and, though loving his country better than aught else, feels well disposed toward every thing beside—a day that our German population respect and speak of as 'more better as good'—a day which PAT, who believes one man is as good another, and a mighty sight better, reverences as he does 'Saint PATRICK's in the morning'—a day when aught unpleasant is forgotten, and mirth, and jollity, and fire-crackers abound. I will endeavor to inform you. Many years ago, before Vancouver was ever born or thought of, when the present magnificent city of Portland was but a wild forest of fir timber, and the waters of these mighty rivers, now daily ploughed by the splendid steamer 'Eagle,' were navigated by the Indian chief MULTNOMAH in his dug-out, provisioned with salmon and whortle-berries, there dwelt in the far-off city of Genoa, a worthy merchant named DANIEL LUMBUS, who prosecuted his business as a dealer in velvets, under the name and style of LUMBUS & Co.

'This merchant, at a somewhat advanced age, was blest with a son of great promise, whom, out of compliment to his partners, he named CHRISTOPHER Co LUMBUS. From his earliest infancy this youth showed an ardent desire for a maritime life; and old LUMBUS gratified his inclinations by sending him to sea.

'In those days popular opinion turned to the belief that this world on which we live was a large square table, or plane surface, supported on columns of rocks, which extended all the way down. COLUMBUS, however, dissented from this opinion, and believing the earth to be a globe or ball, decided in his own mind that it might be feasible to start in a given direction, and sail clear round it, returning to the point of departure. Having communicated these views to ISABELLA, the Queen of Arragon, that lady, who was somewhat of an enthusiast, and had a strong conviction that COLUMBUS was 'one of them,' sold her hoop ear-rings and other jewelry, and fitted out three top-sail schooners, of which she gave him the command.

'With these vessels, CHRISTOPHER sailed in 1492, and after the most unheard-of

trials and difficulties, encountering many head-winds, and much opposition from his crew, finally discovered the West-India Islands, whence he immediately returned with a cargo of rum and sugar. This extraordinary discovery being noised abroad, a Spanish captain, who from his jovial disposition was called A MERRY CUSS, sailed away, and discovered this continent, which, from its discoverer, derived the name of America. Then New-England was discovered by JOHN CABOT, and Virginia by WALTER RALEIGH, who also discovered tobacco, and gave himself dyspepsia by smoking it to excess, and POCAHONTAS was discovered by JOHN SMITH, and South-Carolina by CALHOUN.

'Enigration from Great Britain and other countries then commenced, and continued to a tremendous extent, and all our fore-fathers, and eight grandfathers, came over and settled in the land.

'They planted corn and built houses, they killed the Indians, hung the Quakers and Baptists, burned the witches alive, and were very happy and comfortable indeed. So matters went on very happily, the colonies thus formed owing allegiance to the government of Great Britain until the latter part of the eighteenth century, when a slight change took place in their arrangements. The king of Great Britain, a Dutchman of the name of GEORGE GUELPH, No. 3, having arrived at that stage of life when Dutchmen generally, if at all inclined that way, naturally begin to give way to ill-temper and obstinacy, became of a sudden exceedingly overbearing and ill-disposed toward the colonies. He had offenders sent to England to be tried; he was down on a bank and a protective tariff, and began to be considered little better than an abolitionist. He also put in effect an ordinance called the Stamp Act, which prevented applause in places of public amusement, prevented the protection of cattle against flies, and interfered with the manufacture of butter; and he finally capped the climax of his audacious impositions by placing such a tremendous duty on tea, that our female ancestors could not afford to drink that exhilarating beverage. Our ancestors were patient and long-suffering, but they could not stand every thing.

'Souchong and Young Hyson cost about twelve-and-a-half cents a cup; and our grandmothers were weeping with vexation, and would not be comforted with herb-tea and decoctions of sassafras. They annoyed our grandfathers to that extent that they rebelled, got up a Vigilance Committee in Boston, and destroyed two cargoes of English tea, and were fired on by the British troops in consequence. Then the whole country flew to arms; the battles of Concord and of Lexington followed, and our grandfathers went marching up to the tune of Yankee Doodle to the top of Bunker's Hill, whence they did not march down until they had given the British troops a most fearful and ever-to-be-remembered whipping. By this time it suddenly occurred to some of the smartest of our respectable ancestors that it was a good long way to the little island of England, that there was a good many people in the provinces, and that perhaps they were quite as able to govern themselves as GEORGE GUELPH No. 3 was to govern them. They accordingly appointed delegates from the various Provinces or States, who, meeting together in Philadelphia on the fourth day of July, 1776, decided to trouble the King of England no longer, and gave to the world that glorious Declaration of Independence, to the support of which they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. This was the birth-day of Freedom — the birth-day of the United States, now eighty years of age; and as there are few of us but feel some inclination to celebrate our own birth-day, there can be little wonder that we celebrate the birth-day of our country in so joyous, earnest, and enthusiastic a manner.

'Love of country is strongly impressed on every mind; but, as Americans, we should and in fact do have this feeling more strongly developed than any other citizens of the world. For our country is a free country; its institutions are wise and liberal, and our advantages as its natives are greater than those of other citizens. To be sure, every body can vote two or three times in some places; it is true taxes are four and a half per cent on the amount of our property; it's a fact that it's difficult to get scrip paid; there's no disputing the existence of the Maine Liquor Law; and we do occasionally have a mob; but these are errors not arising from the principles of our government, but from circumstances, and they will finally obviate and correct themselves. Upon the whole, I believe that a man has quite as much chance for a life of happiness if born under the glorious stars and stripes as if he happened to be born anywhere else, and perhaps a little more. We elect our own rulers, and make our own laws, and if they do n't turn out well, it's very easy at the next election to make others in their place. Every body has a chance for distinction in this country; nothing is wanting but natural ability to attain it; and Mrs. LAVING PIKE's baby, now lying with a cotton-flannel shirt on, in a champagne basket, in Portland, O. T., has just as good a chance of being President of the United States, as the imperial infant of France, now sucking his royal thumbs in his silver cradle at Paris, has of being an emperor. I do not wish to flatter this audience; I do not intend to be thought particularly complimentary; but I do assure you, that there is not a man present who, if he had votes enough, might not be elected President of the United States. And this important fact is the result not so much of any particular merit or virtue on your part, as of the nature of our glorious, liberal, republican institutions.

'In this great and desirable country, any man may become rich, provided he will make money; any man may be well educated, if he will learn, and has money to pay for his board and schooling; and any man may become great, and of weight in the community, if he will take care of his health, and eat sufficiently of boiled salmon and potatoes.

'Moreover, I assert it unblushingly, any man in this country may marry any woman he pleases—the only difficulty being for him to find any woman that he does please.

'Fellow-citizens and brother soldiers: It is the Fourth of July; it is Independence Day—a day dear to every freeman, an anniversary which it is good to celebrate, as it will be celebrated till time shall cease, and the Union shall perish with it.

'Every boy in these United States knows the origin of this glorious day. Small sums of money, varying from twelve-and-a-half cents to a dollar and a half, according to the financial prosperity of their parents, have been annually given them to expend on this occasion, which indelibly impress the fact upon their memories, and lead them to look forward with pleasure to its return. One of my earliest and most cherished recollections is of my exploits on the first Fourth of July that I can remember, when, with patriotic fervor, I purchased a leaden cannon, which, exploding prematurely, burned off my hair and eye-brows, and put an end to the existence of a favorite cat of my aunt's that peacefully reclined, watching my operations. It is considered by many a duty to become intoxicated on the Fourth of July. I remember hearing a distinguished Senator express his opinion, 'that any man who did not get drunk on the Fourth of July was a damned rascal.' Without fully coinciding in this novel hypothesis, I can truly say, that I consider it the duty of every freeman to enjoy himself to the full limits of his capacity on this glorious occasion,

and if there are, as I dare say there are, individuals to whom getting drunk is the acme of human felicity, why, if they do allow themselves to be carried away on this day, there is surely more excuse for them than there would be on any less joyous occasion. An anecdote that went the round of the papers a few years since is amusing and interesting, as showing the independent feeling engendered in the minds of all classes by the arrival of the glorious Fourth.

'A parsimonious merchant who, I regret to say, flourished in Boston, kept his counting-room open on Independence Day, where he sat with his clerk, a boy of ten or twelve years of age, busy over his accounts, while the noise and uproar of the celebration were resounding without. Looking up from his employment, he perceived the unfortunate youth, perched upon his high stool, engaged in picking his nose, a practice that the merchant had frequently reprobated, and taken him to task for.

'WILLIAM,' he exclaimed, 'why will you persist in that dirty practice? I am astonished at you.'

'I do n't care,' whimpered the unhappy boy. 'It's Independence Day, and it's my own nose, and I'll pick thunder out of it.'

'An excellent custom prevails in many cities of the United States to celebrate the close of this day with a grand exhibition of fire-works. This is not only a beautiful and exciting spectacle, but, to the thinking mind, presents a refined pleasure in the analogy that is suggested; for he may think to himself that, as the day ends, so will end the lives of the enemies of freedom and the incendiary abolitionists, who threaten with parricidal efforts the union of these States. They will be followed by a grand display of fire-works in another world, if there is any truth in the orthodox doctrines of the age. I have never known a Fourth of July oration delivered, and I have listened to many, without a full and complete biography of the immortal WASHINGTON being given before its conclusion. It may appear a slightly hackneyed custom, but I shall certainly not let you go off without it. At the risk of appearing tedious, I shall therefore request your patience for a few moments, while I read from the 'Clatrap Cyclopaedia,' by Professor TUBE ROSE, the following beautiful tribute to the memory of this greatest of men:

FROM TUBE ROSE'S AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

"GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON was one of the most distinguished movers in the American Revolution.

"He was born of poor but honest parents, at Genoa, in the year 1492. His mother was called the mother of WASHINGTON. He married, early in life, a widow lady, Mrs. MARTHA CUSTIS, whom PRESCOTT describes as the *cussidest* pretty woman south of MASON and DIXON's line. Young WASHINGTON commenced business as a county-surveyor, and was present in that character at a sham fight, under General BRADDOCK, when so many guns were fired that the whole body of militia were stunned by the explosion, and sate down to supper unable to hear a word that was said. This supper was afterward alluded to as BRADDOCK's deaf eat, and the simile, 'deaf as a BRADDOCK,' subsequently vulgarized into 'deaf as a haddock,' had its rise from that circumstance. WASHINGTON commanded several troops during the Revolutionary war, and distinguished himself by fearlessly crossing the Delaware River on ice of very inadequate thickness, to visit a family of Hessians of his acquaintance. He was passionately fond of green peas and string-beans; and his favorite motto was: 'In time of peace prepare for war.'

"WASHINGTON's most intimate friend was a French gentleman, named MARCUS DEE, who, from his constant habits of risibility, was nick-named '*Laughy yet*.' His greatest victory was achieved at Germantown, where, coming upon the British in the night, he completely surrounded them with a wall of cotton bales, from which he opened a destructive and terrific fire, which soon caused the enemy to capitulate. The cotton-bales being perforated with musket-balls were much increased in weight, and consequently in value, and the expression, playfully used, 'What is the price of cotton?' was much in vogue after the battle.

"During the action, WASHINGTON might have been seen driving up and down the lines, exposed to a deadly fire, in a small Concord wagon, drawn by a bob-tailed gray horse. His celebrated dispatch, '*Veni, vidi, vici*,' or, I came and saw in a Concord wagon, has reference to this circumstance.

"WASHINGTON has been called the 'Father of his country; (an unapt title, more properly belonging to the late Mr. MCCLUSKEY, parent of the celebrated pugilist;) the child has grown, however, to that extent that its own father would not know it. General WALKER (WILLIAM WALKER) is also called the 'Father of Nicaragua,' and we have no doubt, in case of his demise, his children, the native Nicaraguans, would erect a suitable monument over his remains, with the inscription, 'Go, father, and fare worse.'

"WASHINGTON was a member of the Know-Nothing order, and directed that none but Americans should be put on guard, which greatly annoyed the Americans, their comfort being entirely destroyed by perpetual turns of guard-duty.

"He was twice elected President of the United States by the combined Whig and Know-Nothing parties, the Democrats and Abolitionists voting against him; and served out his time with great credit to himself and the country—drawing his salary with a regularity and precision worthy all commendation.

"Although, for the time in which he lived, a very distinguished man, the ignorance of WASHINGTON is something perfectly incredible. He never travelled on a steam-boat; never saw a rail-road, or a locomotive engine; was perfectly ignorant of the principle of the magnetic telegraph; never had a daguerreotype, Colt's pistol, SHARP's rifle, or used a friction match. He eat his meals with an iron fork, never used postage-stamps on his letters, and knew nothing of the application of chloroform to alleviate suffering, or the use of gas for illumination. Such a man as this could hardly be elected President of the United States in these times, although, it must be confessed, we occasionally have a candidate who proves not much better informed about matters in general.

"WASHINGTON died from exposure on the summit of Mount Vernon, in the year 1786, leaving behind him a name that will endure forever, if posterity persist in calling their children after him to the same extent that has been fashionable. He is mentioned in history as having been 'first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen;' in other words, he was No. 1 in every thing, and it was equally his interest and his pleasure to look out for that number, and he took precious good care to do so. A portrait, by GILBERT STUART, of this great soldier and statesman may be seen, very badly engraved, on the 'History of the United States;' but as it was taken when the General was in the act of chewing tobacco, the left cheek is distended out of proportion, and the likeness rendered very unsatisfactory. Upon the whole, General GEORGE WASHINGTON was a very excellent man; though unfamiliar with 'Scott's Infantry Tactics,' he was a tolerable officer; though he married a widow, he was a fond husband; and though he did not know the BEECHER family, (and would have despised them if he had,) he was a sincere Christian.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

'A monument has been commenced in the city of Washington to his memory, which is to be five hundred feet in height; and it should be the wish of every true-hearted American that his virtues and services may not be forgotten before it is completed; in which case, their remembrance will probably endure forever.'

'Accustomed as I am to public speaking, it has been with no ordinary distrust of my own powers that I have ventured to address you to-day. Standing beneath the waving banner of our country, with Mount Hood towering in snow-crowned magnificence above our heads, and the broad bosom of the noble Columbia spread in calm expanse at our feet, I see before me an attentive audience composed of individuals whose interest I am proud to awaken and command. I see before me some who have borne no undistinguished part in the bloody but most righteous war now raging in our vicinity; I see men who have pushed the war into the enemy's country with the gallant HALLER, and returned with him when he thought, perhaps, it would be about as well to leave; who accompanied the daring and skilful RAINES, when intrepidly rushing with drawn sword at the head of his troops into Father PANDOSY'S hut, he wrote that letter to the humbled KAMIAKIN; men who have planned and built block-houses, which serve alike as refuges from the attacks of the savage and merciless foe, and imperishable monuments of architectural taste and refinement. These services, which have brought this war so nearly to a close. (for already the Sun of peace may be seen gilding the clouds in the east preparatory to rising,) are well worthy of commendation; and no better occasion can be found to recapitulate and commemorate them than the present.

'Where are the gallant volunteers on this occasion, our tried and trusty comrades in the hour of danger — men who, at the call of their country, cast aside the frivolous axe, the enervating hoe, and the trifling pick, and, springing into their eighty-dollar saddles, shouldered their fifty-dollar rifles, and spurred their three-hundred dollar horses into the wild plains of the Walla Walla, and there desperately and recklessly encamped? To what destruction were many of these daring spirits exposed, forced by the attacks of famine and the scarcity of fresh beef to live for weeks together on hard bread and pickled pork? They might yet have kept together had the whiskey still held out; but alas! like the early cloud and the morning dew, it passed away, and even the jar that contained the ears of P. P. Mox Mox was exhausted! Then they returned — slowly and sadly they returned — and those who had never been peppered in service were mustered out. Like the prophets of old, they went forth with their staff and their scrip; but the staff soon resigned their commissions, and the scrip has not yet been paid. But, by the blessing of HEAVEN and Saint PIKE, that consummation, so devoutly to be wished, will yet be arrived at. The scrip will be paid, and we shall see Pike flourishing like a green bay horse.

'The toils and dangers of the war will be forgotten; in the elegant luxury and refinement of their homes, hardships will be looked back upon with pleasure; the physical suffering and results of exposure will yield to skilful treatment, and those who have suffered from sleeping on hard beds in the wilderness, can now console themselves by lying on wool.

'In future times, when by some impartial historian the present Oregon war is faithfully depicted, posterity, as it peruses the volume, will drop a tear o'er the picture of the sufferings of those noble volunteers that wallowed in the Walla Walla

valley, and their intrepid march into that country, and their return, will excite a thrill of admiration as an adventure never equalled even by NAPOLEON H. BONAPARTE, when he effected the passage of the Alps.

'But the war will soon be ended; it is even now drawing to a close. The completion of the Pacific Rail-road, which may be looked upon as certain in the course of the next fifty years, increasing our facilities for transportation of arms and supplies, will undoubtedly have a most favorable effect; and I look upon it as a matter of little doubt that, three or four hundred years from this time, hostilities will have ceased entirely, and the Indians will have been liberally treated with, and become quiet and valuable members of our society.

'The influence of that glorious banner will have been felt by them; they will have been made to see stars; they will have been compelled to feel stripes; and all will be peace and harmony, love and joy, among them. Four hundred years from this time, the descendants of KAMIAKIN will be celebrating with our posterity the recurrence of this glorious day, with feelings of interest and delight. While to-day that great chief, moved by feelings of animosity toward us, sits and gnaws the gambrel-joint of a defunct Cayuga pony, little knowing on which side of his staff of life the oleaginous product of lactation is disseminated. But long after that time shall arrive, centuries and centuries after our difficulties shall have been settled, and the scrip, with accumulated interest, paid, may our glorious institutions continue to flourish, may the Union be perpetuated forever in perfect bonds of strength and fraternal affection, and the

'STAR-SPANGLED banner continue to wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.'

MUSIC BY THE BAND.

A CALIFORNIA 'MODEL LOVE-LETTER.' — The following is a copy of a genuine '*California Love-Letter*.' It was picked up in Marysville, in that State, not long since; and we should n't be surprised if it was 'JOHN SQUIBBOB' who found it:

'*Marysville July fore 1856.*

'DERE CATE, you know I luv you mor an any uther Girlr in the World, and wat's the Reson you allways want Me to tell you so. I no you ar almost gitting tired of waiting for me; I no you luv me fit to brake your hart. I no we ort to git marid, but how kin we if we kant — sa! Wat's the use in thinkin bout it. I thort wen I sold mi mule that I wud have nough to pay the preacher and by you nice gown. But I tried mi luk at poker and got strapt the fust nite. CATE, you never played poker — in korse not. Wel, it's a confounded mity nice game as long as you kin sit behind a smorl par; but when you kant get a par, the pot's gone. I luv you so much, CATE, that I allmost hav a notion to sel me 1 hors wagin and buck a nite or 2 at farow; but how kn I — sa! Mi whol wagin wudent fech more an fore or 5 good staks. ile go back to the mountings an work and dig and swet and do every thing I kin to get money to git marid. I ain't anyways gelus, CATE, but pleze don't hug an kiss and set on J — n B — s lapp any noor. you know he ain't worth shaks, he kant drink mor an 3 hornes 'bout gittin tite; I kin stand up under fifty. You no I kin lick him 2, and hav dun it and kin do it agin. But I ain't a bit gelus, I no I out to marid long ago. leven years is rether long to kort a gal, but ile hav you yit CATE.

'Good by, tell next we meet.

'Your Affekunate Lover,

'D — G —.

'Note a Bena, good by agin. Run that feller off.

'2th P. S. I'm nat a bit gelus, CATE; but don't let him cum bout the house.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — If there is any one Thing in this world that is utterly beneath contempt, it is a *Male coquette* — one who can trifle for a moment, although even 'just for fun,' with a woman's affections for which he has professed to exchange his own. Sometimes such bipeds 'catch it,' though, as was the case with the '*Three Merry Bachelors*,' whose story ('founded,' we are assured, in every particular) reaches us in a '*Bit of Gossip from Vermont*.' Read it: you will perceive that the writer — a woman, we'll be sworn — holds a facile pen:

'PETER SIMMONS, ALEK BROWN, and DAVY JOHNSON met on a certain evening at the Four Corners' Tavern in Yankeeville. They were steady fellows — quite so; and PETER belonged to the Temperance Society. The object of their meeting was, to have a snug supper, and, to use their own language, 'a little fun.' The supper was followed by cigars, and a single bottle of wine very fresh from the vintage of MESSRS. LOGGEWOOD, LEDSHOOGER AND COMPANY, New-York. The trio in a short time, became moderately hilarious. They told stories, bandied jokes, sang '*SALLIE Dear*,' and improvised new verses to '*Jordan*.' They also grew communicative; and after a time, owing to the great 'flow of soul,' it leaked out that all three had sweet-hearts, to whom they were devotedly attached, and whom they severally considered as paragons of beauty and excellence. Each intended, at some time not far distant, when he should have 'sowed a few more wild oats,' to enter upon a more profitable kind of husbandry, marry the girl of his choice, and settle down an exemplary Benedict. As I was not present, I cannot tell exactly how the conversation led to this object. I think it must have been owing to LOGGEWOOD, LEDSHOOGER AND COMPANY, that the secret transpired; for it is the custom in this part of the country to keep matrimonial engagements as private as possible. Sometimes a great deal of pains is taken by a pair of lovers to put dame GOSSIP on a wrong scent, and mislead a curious public. 'Young AMERICA' does not expect fathers and mothers to meddle.' 'The old folks did n't ask our leave when they were young: they had *their* way, and we will have *ours*,' is the ready argument.

'When the stream of confidence had ceased to flow, the imp of fun and mischief began to dance about the crania of the Three Merry Bachelors. Oddly enough, it did not impel them to wind up affairs in the usual manner, by taking gates from their hinges, cutting off the mane or tail of the deacon's horse, removing the blacksmith's sign to the watch-maker's shop, or the dentist's to the lawyer's office. The imp was of a more original genius. The 'course' of these three true lovers was, contrary to the poet's adage, running 'very smooth.' Would it not be fun to throw a few pebbles into those crystal waters?

'It was proposed that an epistle should be composed by the united talents of the trio, giving a hint at '*the mitten*,' gently but unmistakably, and that each one should make a copy of it and send it to his lady love, just to see how the different girls would 'take the thing.' Of course they expected to receive in answer farewell letters blotted with tears, and filled with tender reproaches. They expected protestations, lamentations, and inquiries into the *causes* of such cruel desertion. Then would follow explanations and reconciliation. 'It would be a capital joke!'

'The letters were prepared and dropped into the post-office that very night.

Had it been deferred, they would never have been sent: for, in the morning, our heroes had gone to their several homes; and being no longer able to keep each other in countenance, felt decidedly 'flat.' 'What a fool I was!' said DAVY to himself, at least twenty times during the following day: and the day after he was on the top of the stage-coach, looking very 'blue,' on his way to Perkinsville. The moon rose round and bright over a chain of hills, or rather one link of a chain, and shone down into a valley where the village of Perkinsville lay 'like a nest.' It shone into the front-parlor windows of the great brick house, and into the front-chamber windows. It shone upon a little round moon-face, all running down with tears, and looked sympathizingly on the damsel. The damsel returned its mild gaze and said:

'ORB of night, thy silver light
Shines o'er this peaceful vale;
But never on my soul's dark night
Shall pleasure beam again.'

'Just as she had murmured this doleful ditty, small feet pattered up the stairs, a little head was put inside the door, and a soft voice whispered:

"Sis, Mother says you must come down into the parlor; FRANK HOWLAND is there.'

'The love-lorn maiden washed her eyes, three dimples appeared with her returning spirits, one on each cheek and one on the chin. They talked—the damsel and FRANK HOWLAND—and laughed. It was all about 'nothing in particular;' as girls say of their letters; the singing-school, the caravan, balls in prospect, balls in retrospect, etc.

'DAVY meantime was being jolted along, down long hills, up steep pitches and through pine woods, until at last, coming into the village by a sudden turn of the road, the stage-coach rattled up to the hotel, with a grand flourish. Down jumped DAVY; and after stepping into the bar-room for a minute, to—brush off the dust, he walked over to the great brick house. He entered the gate softly, and approached the door with considerable agitation. Having given the bright brass knocker a deprecativ tilt, he waited until Mrs. BROADACRE opened the door. Although he had seen a light in the parlor and could hear a well-known voice there, he soon found himself seated in company with the 'old folks' in the 'sitting-room.'

"Is FANNY at home?" asked DAVY.

"She is," answered Mrs. BROADACRE, with solemnity and a most determined not-to-take-the-hint air. At the same time she pursued her knitting with commendable industry. After an awkward pause of some minutes, DAVY said modestly: 'Can I see her?'

'The good dame lowered her spectacles, and peered over them at the querist, as she answered: 'I believe FANNY has got company.' Then adjusting her glasses again, she knitted on faster than before.

'DAVY began to feel crest-fallen; but he resolved not to be forced into a retreat until he had seen his FANNY, and obtained pardon for his folly. After a long time, during which Mrs. BROADACRE's blue woollen stocking had sensibly increased in length, and the 'Captain' had fallen asleep, tipped back in his chair, FANNY and her 'company' came out into the entry, and our hero's ear caught the words, as FRANK asked FANNY to ride with him in the morning, and she—accepted the invitation. FANNY then tripped up stairs; but as she had not bidden her father and mother good night, DAVY thought she would come down again soon. He waited uneasily for a short time. Mrs. BROADACRE still clicked her needles faster and faster, and feigned to be unaware that any movement was expected of her. At last DAVY

broke silence again by asking the good lady, with some formality, if she would be so kind as to inform FANNY that he had come to see her, and ask her to grant him an interview. She said she would. So, having knitted to the seam-needle, wound up her ball, rolled up her long stocking, taken off her spectacles and placed them in a case, and the case in her pocket, she proceeded to light a very refractory oil-lamp with some still more refractory matches, and then left the room, stopping on her way to adjust several articles of furniture. She soon returned and said to DAVY:

‘Really now, Mr. JOHNSON, FANNY seems to be so fast asleep that some how, I hate to wake her up!’

‘DAVY rose and said with very serious earnestness: ‘*I cannot go without seeing her.*’

‘I think you ‘d better,’ said Mrs. BROADACRE: ‘Some how, I think — I guess — FANNY was n’t expecting you; do *you* think she was?’ And she opened her spectacle-case. Then placing the great round silver-rimmed lenses in front of her keen gray eyes, she commenced unrolling the blue stocking. DAVY took his leave at that critical juncture and — has not since been heard from.

‘ALEK BROWN, being of a cooler temperament, allowed a week to elapse before he went in pursuit of his slighted love. Hearing nothing from her, meanwhile, and wishing to make all sure, he donned a new suit of clothes, and made a pleasant and leisurely journey of twenty-five miles, driving a very handsome pair of horses. Upon arriving at the end of his journey, he drove up to the public house, and while attending to the stabling of his horses, he engaged in a little condescending talk with the hostler.

‘What’s the news, JOHN?’ asked ALEK.

‘Well,’ said the former, ‘not much stirring, as I know on. NANCY JONES and JIM SMITH were published last Sunday.’

‘ALEK tried hard to resist a start of surprise, but did not quite succeed. He however inquired with as much unconcern as he was able to assume, if the match was not rather ‘sudden.’ ‘W-h-y no-o-o,’ said the groom, ‘I do n’t think it was *very* sudden;’ and he looked at ALEK with a malicious twinkle in his small black eyes, as he added with a know-nothing coolness: ‘He has been a courtin’ on her this six months!’

‘ALEK ordered out his horses after dinner and drove off, leaving all the hangers-on wondering what his business there could be: a mystery which they have never been able to solve to this day.

‘PETER SIMMONS waited still longer, before he made a movement toward reconciliation. Having a good deal of self-esteem, and a lofty idea of woman’s constancy in general and of JULIA’S in particular, he allowed about ten days to a glide away, and then *he* too set out on his travels. His lady lived at the distance of fifty miles. Making his appearance one day at her father’s door, which he supposed would be to him the door of ‘Paradise regained,’ he learned that JULIA had gone to visit some friends on the other side of the mountains. With a feeling of hope slightly ‘deferred,’ he proceeded to the place of her visit. Arriving there he found to his great chagrin, that she had left an hour before for Albany, to spend a few days with her cousin. Beginning to get warm in the chase, he hurried on to Albany, where he learned, to his extreme mortification, that ‘the cousin’ had emigrated to the West with his family, and that JULIA had gone with them. PETER was now in a very serious frame of mind. He was sorely puzzled. In fact he felt himself getting into a scrape. To be really balked was a thing that had never happened

to him in his life; and it was too great a wound to his pride to yield his will to a mere succession of unlucky accidents. The neighbors all thought that he was very 'sot in his ways' for a young man. Firmly believing that if he could only find his JULIA, it would be easy to 'conquer a peace,' he started for Illinois. After a good deal of trouble he reached the village, and the very dwelling containing the treasure he had so carelessly thrown away. Resuming his self-possession and native dignity, which had been somewhat disturbed by so many vexatious disappointments, PETER entered the house and receiving an affirmative answer to his inquiry whether Miss RAYMOND was at home, he drew from his pocket-book a handsomely engraved card, and requested that it might be given to her. The card was soon returned with these words written on the back in pencil: 'I am engaged.' He seated himself to wait until her term of engagement should expire; but looking again at the card he noticed that the word 'engaged' was underscored. The truth flashed upon him instantly. He left the house without delay; and as he walked off, felt certain that JULIA, (and perhaps her lover) was watching him from behind some curtained window!

'MORAL. — When '*The Three Merry Bachelors*' meet for another social supper, let them make careful choice of their wine and their wit; and remember that *Green Mountain Girls*, as well as '*Green Mountain Boys*,' are not to be trifled with.'

We rather think they'll *do* so! - - - '*The Christian Review*' for the October quarter, is before us. Its editorial force is 'numerous' and strong. It has two editors, and five assistant editors. The second paper in the present number is upon '*Traducianism and Creatianism*.' We should think it would prove generally popular. It is a review of a work which so many of our countrymen and women have been in the habit of taking to bed with them, and setting the curtains on fire in reading — namely: '*Der Biblischen Psychologie*' of DELITZSCH, in which 'the justice of God is viewed from the stand-point of predestination.' It is held, we see, by SCHRIFTBEWERS and STAUDENMEIR, the latter in his '*Dogmatik*,' that 'the entire circumference of man's being, the totality of his whole, is pervaded by evil or sin.' GANGAUF agrees with the same authors in this regard. The '*Jewish Targum*,' also, in the 'collection of small Midraschin,' (edited by AD. JELLINSK,) we are surprised to find quoted affirmatively in this connection. BASSILOS too, on the '*Genesis of Kosmos*,' is in the same category. FROBSCHAMMER, it seems, likewise mainly confirms the same theory, with whom we find ZUKSIL; and 'according to GUNTHER,' his '*Dualism*' may be cited in the same argument. We are glad to see *one* thing set at rest by a ratiocination as pellucid as tar; and that is, the distinction between the '*False and True Trichotomy*.' Now we have often lain awake o' nights, revolving in our mind the question, which is here solved in seven lines:

'To say that the dichotomy *alone*, or that the *trichotomy* alone, of the human essence is in accordance with Scripture, is to say just nothing at all. ('Exactly so!') Our prevailing theories of dichotomy and of trichotomy are so heterogeneous, that, in general, we cannot affirm that the one doctrine or the other is either scriptural or unscriptural. The sacred oracles in some places speak dichotomously, in others very trichotomously. There is a false trichotomy, and in opposition to it a scriptural dichotomy; there is also a false dichotomy, and in opposition to it a scriptural trichotomy.'

There is no doubt in our mind, after reading the paper in question, that

'dichotomy, in its rudest modifications, is a *tertium quid*, resulting from the union of the *corpus terrenum*, and the *spiraculum vite*, or the *compositum* which originates in it.' 'Hence we view' — But we have not space to 'argufy the toptic:' we can but commend the learned disquisition under notice to the intelligent admiration of our readers, as a fine sample of 'writing up to common comprehension.' - - - 'TELL you what!' — the 'sound of dropping nuts is heard' about the wooded hills of Rockland in these mellow autumn days! 'Ches., wal., hickory, butter., and other nuts,' do greatly abound; and the stores are preparing everywhere for the winter's fire-side, when the storm shall be ravenning over the hills, and the lower lands shall 'spread wide a waste of snow.' By the by, walnuts are an ancient 'institution,' according to Mr. DUNCAN MACPHERSON, Inspector-General of Hospitals, late British attaché to the Turkish Contingent at Kertch, and in the Crimea, where he prosecuted antiquarian researches of the most interesting description. Near Mons. Mittiredates, among the *débris* of the ancient city of Panticapæum, built by the Milesians five hundred years before CHRIST, he 'bared to the day' a tomb, wherein he found many most remarkable and curious objects:

'THE tomb was of a semi-circular form, and he found, on entering, that the floor was covered with beautiful pebbles and shells, such as are now found on the shores of the Sea of Azoff. The dust of a human frame, possessing still the form of man, lay on the floor. The bones had crumbled into dust, and the space occupied by the head did not exceed the size of the palm of the hand, the mode in which the garments enveloped the body, and the knots and fastenings by which they were bound, being easily traceable in the dust. Several bodies were discovered, and at the head of each was a glass bottle, and in one of these bottles was found a little wine. A cup and a lachrymatory of the same material, and a lamp, were placed on a small niche above each body. A coin and a few enamelled beads were placed in the left hand, and in the right hand a number of walnuts. Other similar tombs were explored, and various specimens of pottery, personal ornaments, vessels of glass, coins, beads, and other objects of interest were found.'

Think of this dusty ancient 'going-a-nutting' six hundred years before CHRIST! He had his wine, too, it seems, wherewith to regale his palate after he got back to Panticapæum:

'O, THE days when they went gypseying,
A long time ago!

Perhaps they *did* — who knows? - - - Is n't it astonishing how much génius lies fallow in this world of ours? Blushing unseen, wasting its sweetness, and things of that sort? 'We are led to these momentous reflections' by the perusal of a little pamphlet of thirty-one closely-printed pages, which has been sent us from New-Haven, entitled '*The Enemy Conquered, or Love Triumphant.*' It is an unique performance. The writer in his preface admits that 'the style is over-wrought;' but then he 'intended it to be:' he wrote it for the warm climate of Georgia, where the scene is laid. He does n't think much of SHAKESPEARE. 'No lunatic asylum,' he says, 'ever echoed to such balderdash as the storm-scene in Lear!' And yet SHAKESPEARE *did* write 'some good pieces.' Our author opens with some strikingly original remarks on WOMAN, *per se*:

'WOMAN, thou art more to be admired than the spicy gales of Arabia, and more
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sought for than the gold of Golconda. We believe that Woman should associate freely with man, and we believe that it is for the preservation of her rights. She should become acquainted with the metaphysical designs of those who condescend to sing the syren song of flattery. This, we think, should be according to the unwritten law of decorum, which is stamped upon every innocent heart. The precepts of prudery are often steeped in the guilt of contamination, which blasts the expectations of better moments. . . . Beset, as she has been, by the intellectual vulgar, the selfish, the designing, the cunning, the hidden, and the artful — no wonder she has sometimes folded her wings in despair, and forgotten her *heavenly* mission in the delirium of imagination; no wonder she searches out some wild desert, to find a peaceful home.'

'ELFONZO' is the name of the hero. His deeds are set forth in this passage :

'ARE you not Major ELFONZO, the great musician, the champion of a noble cause, the modern ACHILLES, who gained so many victories in the Florida War?' 'I bear that name,' said the Major, 'and those titles, trusting at the same time, that the ministers of grace will carry me triumphantly through all my laydable undertakings, and if,' continued the Major, 'you, Sir, are the patronizer of noble deeds, I should like to make you my confidant, and learn your address.' The youth looked somewhat amazed, bowed low, mused for a moment, and began: 'My name is ROSWELL. I have been recently admitted to the bar, and can only give a faint outline of my future success in that honorable profession; but I trust, Sir, like the Eagle, I shall look down from lofty rocks upon the dwellings of man, and shall ever be ready to give you any assistance in my official capacity, and whatever this muscular arm of mine can do, whenever it shall be called from its buried *greatness*.' The Major grasped him by the hand, and exclaimed: 'O thou exalted spirit of inspiration — thou flame of burning prosperity, may the Heaven-directed blaze be the glare of thy soul, and battle down every rampart that seems to impede your progress!' . . . ELFONZO had been somewhat of a dutiful son; yet fond of the amusements of life — had been in distant lands — had enjoyed the pleasure of the world, and had frequently returned to the scenes of his boyhood, almost destitute of many of the comforts of life. In this condition, he would frequently say to his father: 'Have I offended you, that you look upon me as a stranger, and frown upon me with stinging looks? Will you not favor me with the sound of your voice?' If I have trampled upon your veneration, or have spread a humid veil of darkness around your expectations, send me back into the world, where no heart beats for me — where the foot of man has never yet trod; but give me at least one kind word — allow me to come into the presence sometimes of thy winter-worn locks.'

To which 'thus then' his father :

'ELFONZO, return to thy worldly occupation — take again in thy hand that chord of sweet sounds — struggle with the civilized world, and with your own heart; fly swiftly to the enchanted ground — let the night-Owl send forth its screams from the stubborn oak — let the sea sport upon the beach, and the stars sing together; but learn of these, ELFONZO, thy doom, and thy hiding-place. Our most innocent as well as our most lawful *desires* must often be denied us, that we may learn to sacrifice them to a HIGHER will.' Remembering such admonitions with gratitude, ELFONZO was immediately urged by the recollection of his father's family to keep moving.'

Major ELFONZO is in love with AMBULINIA, (euphonious name of the 'old school' of novels,) daughter of 'Esq. VULEER,' all of Cumming. 'The Major' has proposed for her hand; and in his note to 'the Esq.,' says: I wish no longer to be kept in suspense in this matter. I wish to act gentlemanly in every particular. AMBULINIA and I have sworn by the saints, by the gods of battle, and by that faith whereby just men are made perfect, (and a 'harp of a thousand strings,' doubtless, also,) to be united.' But 'the Esq.,' in a curt note, declines any communication with the lover. But Major ELFONZO is not thus to be put down. He feels, to use his own words, as if he could 'whip his weight in wild-cats:' he writes at once to his 'dear AMBULINIA: 'You cannot be ignorant that *thou* art the desire of my heart, whose thoughts are too noble to conceal themselves from *thee*.' He requests her to elope with him; she accepts the proposition; 'Sabbath, when every body will be at church;' but 'the Esq.' hears of it and they are inter-

cepted. The father storms and threatens to *kick* the lover — the daughter implores: 'O father! let me entreat you to be calm *upon this occasion*; and though ELFONZO may be the sport of the clouds and winds, yet I feel assured, that no fate will send him to the silent tomb, until the God of the Universe calls him hence with a triumphant voice.' But 'w'y,' as HOOD says, 'should we persew the 'arrowink tail?' Suffice it to say, that after all, Major ELFONZO *does* 'run away' with his 'cherished AMBULINIA,' and the curtain falls on a scene of real old-fashioned novel-happiness. Could any thing be more intensely *passé* than this? - - - NOTHING could be more nobly earned, or more worthily bestowed, than the honors recently awarded to Professor MORSE, in England. *He* is the PUCK of our day and generation, who 'puts a girdle 'round the earth in twenty minutes.' His 'operators,' who 'carry out' his idea, have, in our estimation, a singular preëminence. Some of them are very young, and not perhaps 'rich,' as a general thing, in the worldly acceptation of the term; as they go 'on *tick*' for the most part, for their living. But when they put on their hats, leave the telegraph-office, and snuff the un-aciduous air, what mighty secrets swell their bosoms! This is election-night, and we have been thinking about the matter, 'on this occasion.' What clicking is a-going on over this 'ger-reat and gel-lorious kedn'try at this very moment! And what does JEEMS FILMONT, or MILLARD BUCHANAN, or JOHN C. FREMORE know about *themselves* even, and their fate, compared with the light-fingered, soft-touching young men, who 'move the wires,' and tell the whole story by lightning? — *transmitted* lightning, that as GEOFFREY CRAYON said to us on one occasion, 'runs in the *family*' of 'em! Think of the coils of wire, requiring ware-houses to contain them, that are lying in 'benighted Britain,' ready to be laid down in oceans heretofore only visited and accurately described by Sir JOHN MAUNDEVILLE, 'cousin-German on the Scotch side' to the Editor of the London *Times*, (a daily newspaper, published in the village of London, Middlesex, England,) who saw six duels recently in a Georgia rail-road car! Dr. FRANKLIN caught the wild lightning, and MORSE *harnessed* it! How true is the remark of the editor of the Flunkum Bagstaff: '*Edication is the creëwinin' gleöry of the United'n States'n!*' - - - WASHINGTON IRVING is right — he *always* is, for that matter — when he says: 'The sorrows and tears of childhood are as bitter as those of maturer years.' Just now little JOSE came rushing into the sanctum, with both hands over her face — her custom, always, when excited, as if to hide from outward sight the cause of her grief — ejaculating: 'O father! — *father!* — FATHER! Our PUSSY is dead! — our PUSSY is dead!' 'It can't *be*, JOSE,' we said; 'she has been lying on the rug here until within five minutes.' 'She *is*, father, she is DEAD — Mr. L — 's big black dog has killed her. Come out, and see her, down by the spring. She is warm now!' We took the little girl's hand, and went to the spot, a quarter of a mile off. We reached the 'corse.' It was too long to be that of our PUSSY, (a great favorite in the family, the best of *mousers*, and the readiest and most affectionate of *purrers*,) and so we said to JOSE. 'Oh! no, father, it *is* our PUSSY. She is *stretched out* now; but coil her up, as she used to lie in my lap. Oh! yes — it *is* her, father,' feeling her soft, and yet

warm 'trotters;' 'do n't I know these paws?' It was our favorite — and she is buried: and we have *another* cat: but never will the recollection of this great loss fade from the memory of that child-mind. 'Odorous comparisons' are every day instituted between the past and present favorite: it is the second wife, the step-mother, of the juvenile circle. But *our* opinion is, that the last kitten is the 'smartest' of the two: yet — and 'there's the rub' — our present young grimalkin does n't smooth himself against our legs when we are scribbling at night; does n't look up with moveless lids, and a horizontal slit in the pupil of his yellow eye, and wink every five minutes, as the *other* one used to do; and he has no purr — 'music in his soul.' Perhaps he *will* have, by-and-by: but after all, José is right: 'It's not the same cat! — not the same!' - - - 'THE following impromptu lines,' says the Washington '*National Intelligencer*,' addressed to a lady, and accompanied by a riding-whip, are by the author of '*The Mother's First Grief*,' recently copied into our columns from the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine.' The initials are those of ROBERT S. CHILTON, Esq., of the State Department at Washington:

'I SEND you the whip, though your spirited BESS
Rarely needs to be urged, I dare say:
(If appealed to *herself* on a question like this,
Do you think that she would n't say *neigh*?)

'But gauntlets, long skirts, and a hat with a plume,
In short a *full habit* must need
To make it, as we say in French, *comme il faut*.
A whip, or a something instead.

'So I send you the nearest approach to the thing
That as yet I've been able to see:
But pray, when you use it, if any should ask
Who gave it, *do n't lay it on me!*

R. S. C.'

Very Hood-ish. - - THERE is no use in lying — no use, because it wars against your peace, even if you can compose yourself for a moment — no use, but 'contrariwise otherwise,' because you lose self-respect in thinking of your infirmity of purpose, and you lose elasticity of body as well as moral strength — there is no use, we repeat, in lying in bed in the morning. If you are in the country, especially, do n't do it. Oh! the October sun-rises that we have seen during the present autumn over the glassy, many-colored waters of the Tappaän-zee! — the DAY-GOD coming up over the rain-bow hills that rise beyond the swelling flood, flushing the few clouds that fleck his great red face, and making *our* side of the Hudson radiant with a 'multitudinous glory!' — lighting up the blue hills of Ramapo, kindling the fainter Shawangunk mountain-range that lies beyond, and turning into vast flower-gardens the vales that stretch in pensive quietness between! In town, we rather think we might perhaps agree with Hood:

'He who is fond precociously of 'stirring,'
Must be a 'Spoon.'

RICHARD the Third was not in London, when he said: 'Be stirring with the lark, good NORFOLK:' Day with its dull red glare, had not even developed the lurid pall that always over-hangs the great metropolis, before the battle of Bosworth Field was over: at least, this must have been so, if the

STAGE writes its annals true, as to the time and space of that great martial event. No: you need n't get up quite so early in town: lie, and let your thoughts simmer; hear the fires a-building; the early prattle of your children; the supernatural shriek of your milkman, and the soothing gurgle of the water that is being 'ske-virted' into *his* can of 'milk,' some of which will be *yours* presently; yours, because you will have *paid* for it — 'some!' But if you are in the country, get up! — get up! For three months (unless he has 'disdained to shine') we have not failed in a single instance to see from 'Cedar-Hill Cottage' the SUN rise upon the glorious Hudson, and the near and distant hills of Rockland. But 's'posin' we *have n't*! 'Black SAM' might ask: 'Ah! ha!' — what *den*? — question on *dat*!' SAM is right, and we are — *done* — 'vanquished, but not dismayed!' - - - The fallen leaves bring back with them our fair correspondent, 'J. K. L.' We should be almost sorry for this, were it not for the fact, that pleasant as is her country correspondence, her pictures of metropolitan life are even more graphic and delightful: and she is to be among us 'takin' notes,' and we a-prentin' of them, all winter:

'Autumn Leaves.

'It is with rather a sad heart that I now address you, reader mine, for this is to be my last letter from Round Hill, and e'er it reaches your eyes I shall have bid adieu to 'these scenes so charming,' and be once more in the busy, bustling world of Gotham, and it is high time I was off too, for what with climbing fences and scaling mountains I have scarcely a whole dress to my back!

'An't you thankful, reader, that you have not such a hoyden for a wife, to make the fortune of her dress-maker, and ruin you by her rambling, scrambling, harum-scarum propensities? Well, 'every one to their fancy' as the old woman said when she kissed her cow, and though I don't approve of her taste, I echo her sentiment most feelingly.

'The truth is, I was never intended for civilized life; its restraints are wearisome, its monotonous routine unendurable to me; and if my complexion were a little darker and my cheek bones a little higher, I should be inclined to believe that my mother had changed papposes with some Indian squaw; for surely this passion for driving gay horses, climbing mountains, and wading streams could never have been inherited from a long line of sober Dutch ancestors; and no one will believe that a descendant of the staid old Knickerbockers could have been born with such propensities; but it is true, nevertheless. I could ride a horse and drive a pair before I knew a letter of the alphabet, and was looked upon as the dunce of the family! My older brothers and sisters shook their wise heads and declared I'd never be fit for any thing. The whole family, brothers and sisters, aunt and uncles, exhausted their patience in the vain endeavor to drive my A B Cs into my head. Right well do I remember the efforts of my dear sister, whose emblem ought to be a setting hen for the patience she wasted in the useless effort. I fancy she must often have been reminded of Mrs. GLASS's receipt for cooking a hare, which begins, 'First catch your hare,' and it was generally no easy matter to catch me! I seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of when there was a lesson in store for me, and was off to the woods, or down by the shore, sometimes in the hay-fields or the apple-orchards, wherever I thought I was least liable to be discovered; but when I was finally captured, I really did try to beat the letters into my brain, but it was no

use, they would not make any impression. My eyes were out of the window watching the clouds and the butterflies, and a bird flying past was sufficient to scatter my thoughts, and the confounded letters were forgotten.

'I was made to sit many a half-hour in a corner with a paper fools-cap on my giddy little pate, but all without effect, till finally all efforts were given up in despair, and I was left to grow up a dunce if I chose! Perhaps I have; that's a matter of opinion, and I have n't time to argue the case with you now. I want to write you about Round Hill and the splendid times I'm having here.

'The year is 'growing ancient,' as SHAKESPEARE says. The trees have laid aside the gorgeous robes in which of late they flaunted it so gayly, and assumed that 'green and yellow melancholy' of which the poet spoke. Dolefully does the autumn blast whistle among their almost naked branches, scattering at every touch some few of the poor withered leaves that remain. The song of the cricket has ceased to be merry, and the katydids seem inclined to let their argument drop, at least for this season. JACK FROST has warned the squirrels that it is time to be laying in their winter stores, and they are at it with an energy and perseverance that ought to be a lesson to some of us two-legged animals, and is only equalled by the troops of ragged urchins who are scouring the woods on the same errand. The harvests are gathered, the fields are bare, and the garner full; flowers and the birds have gone southward; in truth, all the bright things but myself have departed, and still I linger here, without the courage to tear myself away from a spot which is so dear to me. Three months have passed like a summer's-night dream, all has been bright and happy, with no cloud to cast a shadow on its brightness, no regret to mar its sweet serenity. Some memories of Round Hill will be enshrined in my heart among its dearest and purest remembrances, which can never be effaced till that heart shall cease to beat!

'Have you ever been to this place, reader, this wonderful town of Northampton? Well, it's a great place in its way, and chiefly distinguished for its water-cures, its paper-mills, and its button-factories, and according to the opinion of a rich and handsome Californian friend of mine, who flourishes through it with his jaunty little cane, black moustache and whiskers *à la militaire*, its *homely women*!

'I suppose it is on the same principle of the engines which use up their own steam, that the water-cures use up their own patients. That is, when one dies their clothes are sold to the paper-mills and their bones to the button-factories, and doubtless we ought to be thankful if we are not made into dice and dominoes!

'Have you any idea of hydropathic treatment, reader? How should you like to rise at day-break, take a long walk, and, on your return, instead of a nice breakfast, be obliged to take a cold 'dripping sheet' and start off again for another walk, and when you surely think you have earned a hot beefsteak and cup of coffee, be forced to content yourself with toast, and porridge, and a glass of cold water! Then go through a set of gymnastic and calisthenic exercises, which to witness would convince any one that they had got in among a set of excited lunatics, and when you were well warmed by this process, be invited to indulge in a spray or shower-bath! Ah! those are the things 'that try men's souls' and women's, too, for that matter; but they really do live and thrive under it, as I can vouch by my own experience, having been a patient here three months and being now in good health, and to the best of my own belief, sound mind and understanding on most subjects. Every one has their little pet insanities, you know, reader, and I frankly confess that I have a number. One of the most prominent just at present is these mountains. I have watched them every hour of the day since I came here, and

marked all their varied changes; each change of light and shade, sun and cloud, every change of atmosphere or of temperature is reflected upon them. Sometimes they seem dreamy and absent-minded; at others, they stand boldly forth with their outline clearly defined against the sky, and seem to challenge your admiration and defy you to withhold it. I loved them in their summer beauty, and when in their autumn dress they seemed to stand 'like groups of giant kings in purple and in gold;' and even now that JACK FROST has done them most decidedly brown, I love them still! I have been six times to the top of Mount Holyoke, and each time found something new to fascinate and charm me. I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed my walks lately; gathering autumn leaves became a perfect passion with me; I coveted every one I saw, and verily believe I would have carried off whole trees if I had had sufficient strength. They were so rich and glowing that I could not resist their fascination, and each day I came home with my hands full of their transient brightness to see them wither and fade away; but the memory of those autumn walks will be far more enduring. My drives too, have been particularly charming of late; but if you take the advice of my friend ———, you never would risk your neck with my driving, reader; but I must say, I think he complains without cause; for many a drive we have had together, and no accident has befallen him yet! I never accept a gentleman's invitation to drive with him except on condition that I be allowed to do the driving, for I will not consent to *being driven* under any circumstance. Well, one afternoon, not long since, ——— and I were out driving together: the horses were in fine spirits, and so were we: it was just the weather for the thorough enjoyment of those beautiful mountain rides, and we were going along at a dashing rate through a narrow road with a thick forest on one side and a steep bank on the other, when we overtook a fellow plodding along at an easy pace, and looking as though he did not care who was President! I was obliged to draw rein, for he kept directly in the middle of the road. This fretted me and it fretted the horses, and at last I could stand it no longer. I called out to him very civilly to let me pass. To which he coolly replied: 'There ain't no room to turn out here.' 'Oh! yes there is,' said I. 'Well I shan't try it any how,' was his gruff rejoinder. 'Then *I will*,' said I, and I touched my horses smartly with the whip; they sprang forward and for a moment things did look a little scary! One wheel was on the edge of the precipice, and the other within a hair's breadth of the wheel of the other wagon; of course a collision would have demolished us, and a slide off the other side would probably have had the same result; a misstep of the horses, one particle of hesitation on my part, and I should not be here to give an account of the adventure; but I knew my horses and I knew myself when I made the attempt, and the result proved that I had not over-rated either my own nerves or their sure-footedness, and we were soon out of sight of the impudent countryman, all safe and well. My companion read me a long lecture on my rashness, and declared he would never let me drive either himself or his horses again; but I am sorry to say that he has not kept his word.

'I had a delightful walk yesterday. The air was clear and a little frosty, when I, with a most agreeable companion, started for a town five miles from here, and walking at a brisk pace, and chatting pleasantly, we soon reached our destination, and discovered that it was just like any other country town, with nothing worthy of note, so we turned our steps homeward. We had proceeded but a short distance when it occurred to me, and I proposed to my friend, that we should leave the high road and take to the fields, and *walk a steeple chase* home! He was delighted with the notion, and at it we went. Our first experience was a meadow,

and that we thought a decided improvement of the dusty road: next came a turnip patch, not quite so good; and then a high board fence to climb, but we were equal to it and never flinched, but landed on the other side safe and sound; here we encountered stumps and stubble, briars and burs, but through them we pushed, and finally landed in a marsh, and our efforts to balance ourselves on small tufts of grass, and our hasty jumps from one stone to another, were so perfectly ludicrous, that we both got laughing till we were in danger of losing our footing and getting stuck in the mud; but the kind fates preserved us from a chance so sad; and our next attempt was to make our way through a wood, thick with underbrush. Most people would have been discouraged, but we were determined to persevere and accomplish our object, in spite of scratched faces and torn clothes, and at last we reached the edge of the woodland, where a stump-fence presented the most formidable obstacle to our progress we had yet encountered, and I think the scrambling over it was just about the most difficult operation I ever undertook, and I must confess that I fear my courage would have flagged had I not been sustained and cheered on by the indefatigable go-a-head-a-tive-ness and untiring energy of my companion. When the stump-fence was really overcome we found ourselves in a corn-field, then in a potato patch, and after crawling under half-a-dozen other fences and over as many more, we finally arrived just as the sun was setting, and long past the dinner-hour, on our own premises, safe and sound. And thus ended the latest and one of the most agreeable adventures of

'Round Hill, October 26th, 1856.

DIE VERNON.

'More anon' from this same fresh pen. - - - 'The conceit of some people,' is enormously developed. Here is Mr. H. H. JOHNSON, who has been sending two 'stalks of corn to the *Pennsylvania Jeffersonian*,' each measuring 'over twelve feet in length!' 'The corn,' adds our brother editor of 'The *Jeffersonian*,' with commendable local pride, 'was raised in our borough, and is the tallest production we have yet seen.' Very likely: but you are 'behind the age' entirely. Three years ago, about the period of 'this present writing,' we sent to the 'Tribune' office in town five stalks of 'Iowa White Corn,' (the seed a present from a friend in Davenport, 'of that ilk,') with five ears on each stalk, which 'H. G.,' in an editorial note accompanying our notelet, said, 'by actual measurement averaged fifteen feet and three inches in length!' See the record thereof in the journal aforesaid. Going down to the printing-office, to proof-read, past the 'Tribune Buildings,' we used to love to glance in, and see 'curious' people looking at 'em as they lay 'extended long and large' upon the floor of the publication office, little thinking that WE were close by! Agriculture is a noble science: but there must be emulation to insure success. Does our friend of 'The *Jeffersonian*' take the idea? A wiser man than either of us has said, with entire truth, that 'When two men ride a horse, one must ride behind.' Reflect upon it a moment, and you 'll 'obsarve the p'int.' - - - 'I WANT' (writes some body from 'down East,' or somewhere else, for he is both nameless and dateless) 'to take you by the button for a moment. I have been 'a constant reader' of the KNICKERBOCKER for some years; 'and like many other bores,' (perhaps you are saying,) 'entertain the idea that such a relationship gives you an unquestionable 'lien' on the Editor.' Wait a bit, dear Sir! Very true, I am not among those likely to yield a generally conceded point, to my own

detriment; and, furthermore, I also confess to the belief that editors would have us think that they are really of great consequence in the world; but let me tell you, (and through you I would remove the starch from all others who 'take on airs,') that if it was n't for us *readers*, you would very soon be nobodies — just nobodies, and nothing else, Sir! I take *that* for a 'platform,' and could keep my position against all your arguments; but *my* time is valuable. So I proceed. Have you ever seen the following? I think I understand you distinctly to say: 'Nay, verily.' Well, then, let me 'pre-face' a little for the benefit of the general reader. Several years ago an acquaintance of your correspondent said he came upon the fine impromptu epigram which follows, in the hand-writing of Mrs. L. MARIA CHILD, while sojourning 'away down East' in the State of Maine. It should be remarked that NATHANIEL DEERING, Esq., of Portland, formerly practised law at Canaan; that he is known as an author in New-England, and beside numerous tales and poems of decided merit, wrote an Indian tragedy which was an unsuccessful candidate for the prize with *Metamora*, although it had many excellent points. Mr. DEERING went from Canaan to Portland when quite a young man; and should you ever go to that city, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, very likely he may be pointed out to you as a *beau-ideal* of 'a fine old Yankee gentleman, all of the *present* time' — as he is. But here is the epigram, which probably has not before been in print:

'WHOEVER shall wed the young lawyer at C ———,
Will find she's a prospect most cheering;
For what must his person and intellect be,
When even his *name* is N. DEERING!'

This is capital. The other lines, purporting to have been copied from the KNICKERBOCKER in 1849, must have been simply a burlesque, judging from the 'sample-stanza' furnished. - - - HANNIBAL, our 'colored brother, JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL, (eloquent passages from whose Discourses, given to the world through the KNICKERBOCKER, have excited the attention of 'both Hemispheres,' together with the Equator and the North and South Poles,) has been involved in an *imbroglio* — French for 'row,' or 'muss' — touching his hair, and the color thereof. The Rev. Mr. SCOVILLE, (editor of 'The State Register,' a mighty 'smart' and spicy sheet,) says that it is *red*. 'HANNIBAL' claims for 'Auburn' — stating 'specs,' as preventing *real* color from being seen, owing to refraction of the sun's rays in the day-time, and the protoxide of ipecacuanha in gas at night. The actual truth lies between the two. Brother HANNIBAL's hair is *not* red; neither is it 'Auburn': it is *Skaneateles* hair — seven miles this side of Auburn; as lovely a village as you could wish to see. - - - We have been under the impression that the autumn foliage of the hills and vales about 'Cedar-Hill Cottage' could not be surpassed in 'the States' for beauty and variety of color; but if a port-folio of most superb vari-colored and gracefully-shaped leaves from the hills and woods in the vicinity of Northampton, Massachusetts — perfect autumnal 'botanical specimens,' securely varnished, and exquisitely arranged by the fair hands of our 'DIE VERNON' — if *these* be a veritable *sample* of the 'generality of forest-trees in general' in New-Eng-

land, why then, we 'give in!' - - - WE are glad to perceive that Mr. T. ADDISON RICHARDS will give instruction at his studio in the University, or in private classes, to art-students, professional or amateur: especially to ladies or gentlemen who may desire to prepare themselves as teachers. His programme is: 'STUDIES: The use of the Lead Pencil and the Crayon, and Perspective: Landscape Painting in Oil and Water Colors, Designing and Drawing on Wood and on Stone, etc., etc. Evening Drawing Class for Gentlemen, at the University, from seven to nine o'clock. Mr. RICHARDS is an accomplished artist, and as we have been informed by the best judges, an excellent instructor. - - - WE do n't know whom to credit with this account of '*A New Disease*;' but it has made us laugh heartily in the sanctum to-night: 'A friend of ours was visiting the White Hills, in the Granite State, last year; and one day, while passing a house, observed a little child at the door with what he considered a very dangerous play-thing, namely, a chisel; and thinking it kindness, accordingly stepped in to inform the parent. 'Madam,' said he, 'are you aware that your child has got *the chisel*?' 'Why, the mercy on me!' exclaimed the mother. 'Well, I knew something was the matter, for *the child has been ailing a long time*!' The child was probably 'going it *full chisel*' at that very moment. What a dire disease! — 'the CHISEL!' - - - HERE is a curious fact recorded in a recent number of '*The Citizen*,' weekly journal. We clip it from an interesting and instructive article entitled '*Astronomical and Meteorological Investigation*:' 'I take a bar of brass, which, when weighed on the earth's surface, actually weighs fifteen pounds. When I ascend to three miles up in the atmosphere and weigh this brass bar, it actually weighs, by a spring balance, only seven and a half pounds, and again at five miles up, positively only three pounds and a quarter. What is the cause of this? The want of atmospherical pressure on it, and the sun's attraction, which becomes more apparent, the nearer we approach his orbit.' These facts are very striking, and very strikingly 'put.' - - - THE cold weather has driven our *Red Umbrella Insect-Exhibitor* from the Park. We are sorry for it. He had increased his glasses and enlarged his stock by two fine fleas; was negotiating for six large bed-bugs, through 'a party' in Wall-street; and had concluded a contract with the Croton-Aqueduct Company for water-drops for the season, in which to animalculize his audiences. It is a 'hard case,' with bleak December's winds ensuin'!

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA. — Since the close of the Academy of Music, with the exception of two delightful concerts by PARODI, the lovers of music have had to content themselves with the German opera at NIBLO's, which, thus far, has been entirely successful. We see, with much pleasure, that the ACADEMY OF MUSIC will be opened again as we go to press by the LAGRANGE troupe, who are all great favorites of the patrons of the opera. Madame LAGRANGE is one of the most wonderful prima donnas in the world. In addition to her great vocal powers she is perfectly at home in every character she represents, and is never sick. We never hear of her even having a cold and how such a frail and delicate organization can endure such constant and arduous labors is astonishing. Let every one who can appreciate and enjoy harmony, see and hear her.